

SEYMOUR CASTLE:
OR THE
HISTORY
OF
Miss St. LEGER.
IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

D U B L I N:

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M^{rs} Richardson

SEYMOUR CASTLE.

LETTER I.

Lord SEYMOUR to Sir CHARLES WILMOT.

Seymour-Castle.

WISH me joy Wilmot, I have conquered, yes Charles Miss St. Leger may make her Sadly happy without my feeling a pang; Oh! how I despise her. What despise Julia the beloved of my soul, Oh! Wilmot the above was rhodomontade, she is twined in my very heart-strings, and that is bustling; I am now convinced she did not behold me as a meer friend,

SEYMOUR CASTLE.

friend, a thousand things occur to confirm me in that opinion; she has seen something in my conduct that makes me hateful to her: If she had prefer'd Mordaunt or lord Orford, I would not repine, but this Sedly that has nothing to recommend him but assurance, he that is every way unworthy of the angelic girl. Can you account Charles for the inconsistency of my heart, which though I loved to distraction, did not permit my tongue in any favourable opportunity that offered, to tell its feelings to the lovely mistress of its fate. But upon reflection there is a divinity about her which inspires a reverential awe, and continually brought to my idea that no man was worthy of her, but now experience convinces me my senses were misled.

You Charles often told me and with truth, that I would refine away my happiness, for happiness without her is impossible for me ever to enjoy; at first I imagined lady Carolina Newbourg's large fortune attached this Sedly, but he could not resist the more powerful attraction of Julia's charms. Her behaviour is to all appearance cold and distant, and I really thought she rather disliked his assiduities; but she can write to him Wilmot, though so lately acquainted, thanks to lady Carolina who shewed me the direction,
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to the honourable George Sedly, damn him, my brain is distracted.

The lovers and the younger part of the company that were here are gone to spend two days at Abbeville, I would not go tho' Mr. Steward is my particular friend, as I find it rather a difficult matter to command my temper, one of us must fall (but it must not be here) before he can enjoy. Who! my Julia! forgive me, Charles you are under the dominion of the same passion that agitates my soul, and sympathy will teach you to feel my situation. Lady Seymour has sent to speak with me——what afflicting news! Unfortunate Frederick has fallen a victim to one woman, and Henry will soon follow, the custom of duelling I do not approve, but in some cases there is no other way to decide the dispute. I suppose my friend you know my ill-fated brother has fought lord Bellmour for Miss Waldergrave, who report says encouraged both, and that she has given her hand, and is fled with the conqueror; my father has desired I will come post to London. Oh! Wilnot think of my sufferings, to be obliged to leave this without bidding Julia farewell, I am tempted to write to her, no that I will not do, her humanity might prevent her giving her hand to Sedly, knowing
the

4 SEYMOUR CASTLE.

the distraction it would cause me, I will not make her unhappy, let what will be the fate of the wretched

SEYMOUR.

I know not what I have said Wilmot, but consider any thing improper as the effusions of a tortured mind.

LETTER

SEYMOUR CASTLE.

5

LETTER II.

Miss St. Leger to Miss Cecilia Walder-

GRAVE.

Seymour-Castle.

PITY me my Cecilia, and by thy soothing strive to compose my mind to peace. Ah! Sir Charles Morell! where are your waters of oblivion? I would search for them unmindful of danger, even at Sadag, if at last they would reward me, and banish all remembrance of the past. Lord Henry Seymour

mour is gone in the belief that I am attached to another : His friends may now prevail on him to pay his addressee to lady Carolina, and his own good sense will prevent him encouraging an hopeless passion ; do you think it possible Cecilia for a man to renounce the object he once truly loved ? I see with horror the torments which my heart is preparing for itself ; I do not seek to indulge my weakness, but thoughts will obtrude themselves unsought for ; and why should it be a crime to be sensible of merit, and love that we cannot fail to esteem : You my friend taught me to flatter myself that it was not mere friendship that actuated lord Seymour's behaviour to me, he has been unkind to shew such partiality to me ; but I will not complain.

Ah ! Cecilia, how extraordinary his conduct has been ! At times it only wanted his tongue to utter I adore you ; again cold and distant, as if he was afraid I would interpret his looks to I love you ; how inconsistent, but what occasioned this last slight, I cannot account for ; for three days he hardly spoke to me, and if it was unavoidable there was a meaning couched beneath his words I did not understand.

Lady Carolina seemed to enjoy our mutual uneasiness ; we were all invited to spend some days at a Mr. Steward's, who has three daughters,

daughters, all very amiable women, and one very beautiful; lord Seymour refused to go though if you remember he spent eight days there since he came to Seymour Castle. When we came to the stable yard I missed lord Seymour, for since his arrival at the castle I never mounted on horse-back without his assistance; Captain Sedly offered his, but I refused. You cannot imagine how I was hurt by his not paying me the accustomed attentions; I rode off for the tear had unbidden started into my eye. Emily followed, but before she had come up with me, I had composed myself sufficiently to enter into conversation with her: Never did your Julia spend two such days, though every thing was calculated to amuse, but I was insensible to it all.

There was a colonel Walpole of the party, a most agreeable handsome man, he was my partner for the two evenings, though strongly solicited by Sedly: I am certain lady Carolina encourages Sedly, for he is very particular to her, but I have taken notice, it is when lord Seymour is not by.

The agreeable Stewards wanted to prevail on us to lengthen our visit, but I would not consent, as lady Seymour would expect us. So will lord Henry looking at me, said lady Carolina, with a thousand meanings in her

her eyes. Your ladyship, says Emily, would be very wrong to break your word, if you have promised my lord. Oh! Cecilia how I longed to thank the sweet girl, for she drew the attention of the company from me, all but colonel Walpole, who eyed me as if he would pierce my very soul. Half a dozen beaux escorted us to the castle: An unusual depression of spirits had taken possession of me on my approaching it, that I could scarcely refrain from tears. As soon as we arrived, lady Seymour sent for me, I got such a palpitation I could hardly respire. Oh! Cecilia, I wonder where I got fortitude to support me, when lady Seymour told me lord Henry was gone: The account of his brother's death shocked me to such a degree, it was with difficulty I kept myself from fainting; several times I was tempted to open my heart to lady Seymour, but was deterred, lest she would think me a foolish romantic girl. I retired to my apartment, and gave way to a shower of tears, that relieved me; I was doubly affected at the news, as I knew what my much loved friend would suffer for her sister's indiscretion.

The Newbourg's leaves this to-morrow, lady Seymour has told them she would after christmas go to London to see her brother and sister. Ah! Cecilia, if I meet lady Carolina the wife of the man that commands every

SEYMOUR CASTLE.

9

every wish of my heart; agonizing reflection! why do you haunt me? Tears blot my paper, pardon this weakness my friend; I will strive to support myself in the arms of the friend of my heart.

Colonel Walpole has been here to pay a visit with the Stewards, he was very attentive, and if my heart was disengaged I never saw a man more calculated to please; Adieu, and believe me

ever Your's

JULIA St. LEGER,

LETTER

LETTER III.

Miss CECILIA WALDERGRAVE, *to Miss* St.

LIGER.

Grosvenor-Square.

My Dear Julia,

I Must begin with your concerns, as they bear more weight with me at present than any other distresses: Why Julia, what a sad girl you are! will you always be a self-tormentor, believe me it is the most dreadful of all misfortunes: Cheer up my sweet girl! think better of yourself, my life for it
the

the marquis will never marry lady Carolina; but Julia, I have seen the marquis, pray which do you like the found of the marquis of Guilford, or the more gentle one of lord Henry Seymour? Sir Charles brought him to pay his visit of audience, I tell you Julia, you were formed for each other, there is a remarkable likeness, and it is an old saying, that is a sure sign. I think Milton has drawn your portraits better than I could, (were I to attempt them) in those two expressive lines,

“ For contemplation he, and valour form’d;
 “ For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.”

but to be serious, I admire his lordship exceedingly, he may be truly said to possess the *Je ne sai quoi*, that elegance of manner, that attractive something, that it is impossible to describe. He had sat sometime before he summoned courage to ask when I had heard from you, and hoped you were well; you cannot imagine how very soft he looked when he asked me: I told him I had a letter from you that morning, I wish you had seen how expectation lighted up his expressive dark eyes; between ourselves I am not astonished at the havoc they have made in the gentle bosom of an acquaintance of ours; he enquired had the Newbourg's left the castle, I answered in the affirmative, you are very
 fly

fly my lord to plead ignorance of their movements, I should not suppose you were unacquainted with them; you may expect the felicity of seeing lady Carolina in a few days. He looked disconcerted; you misconceive me Miss Waldergrave, said he, my motive for inquiring was to know if the family at the castle were alone. Pardon me, my lord replied I, I do not seek to know your reason, but if the town is to be credited your lordship has a more tender concern in that lady than you now own.— I hope Miss Waldergrave does not believe a report that has not the smallest foundation; tell me, my dear Miss Waldergrave, continued he taking my hand (Julia the man is rather insinuating) does your charming friend think I have any attachment to lady Carolina; here he sighed and seemed to expect my answer with impatience; I declare my lord replied I, Miss St. Leger never said any thing to me about your affairs; nothing like an evasion Julia, for you know writing and speaking are two different things. I immediately changed the conversation by asking Sir Charles if he knew a colonel Walpole; what handsome Walpole of the guards said Sir Charles, yes replied I, Miss St Leger mentioned his being at the castle, but tell me is he so very handsome? Why said he I think him a very elegant fellow, and am told he was as brave when he
was

was in America, as handsome: But what is Miss. St. Leger's opinion of him, for we must allow the ladies to be the best judges of male beauty; oh! your servant Sir Charles, would you have me guilty of a breach of friendship; or perhaps you want to know whether I can keep a secret. The marquis looked monstrous uneasy, which made me throw out a hint as if there was something in it. Your pardon my dear, but I do love to torment those male creatures, I wish you had a little of my spirit, I assure you it would be of infinite service to you. Lord Guilford spoke as if he thought Sedly was not indifferent to you, it was as much as I was able to resist the desire I had to inform him how matters stood, but as he has not acted with propriety, I considered it was but right he should suffer a little; they soon after took leave.

A thousand thanks to lady Seymour for her intention of coming to town, how I anticipate the time, I already have my dear Julia in my arms, you must be guided by me when you come to this bewitching scene of dissipation, and I flatter myself you will behave more like other people, for refined sentiments such as your's are not the Ton here; if you have one grain of coquetry; (which I much doubt) bring it with you, and with it and my advice, you may expect to do wonders.

ders.———Now for my own affairs, when my mother received lady Meadows letter with an account of the duel, and Harriet's elopement, I thought she would have gone distracted; lady M——— said she did not think Harriet would have behaved so imprudently as to involve her in such trouble, if it had not been for the interference of our ambassadour she should have been very disagreeably situated; she blames the Marquis, and says he was the aggressor, advises my mother to be reconciled to Harriet, as she took the most prudent step, in marrying lord Belmour, at the same time there came a letter from Harriet, filled with penitentials, requesting my mother's forgiveness, with a very polite postscript from lord Belmour, they are at Vienna, my mother has wrote a full pardon to them.

Mercy on me I am afraid I shall not quit the maiden state, with such eclat as Harriet did, though I must confess I would be sorry my nuptial torch was to be dipped in the blood of any person, much less one who professed to love me.

We have had an invitation to spend our Christmas at lord Morpher's in Surry, I hope you'll not come till after our return to town; Sir Charles grows impatient to have a certain affair concluded, so does my mother, I am almost afraid to venture myself with them in
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the country, as they are all in a league against me, but I have made the old earl promise that they shall not use violence, though he thinks I use Charles very ill, no matter for that says your saucy friend he's insensible of it. I am called on by lady Villers to go to the opera. I believe she is a relation of yours. Adieu my dear girl, I go to hear the melting notes of the divine Rubinelli, to die at Twee del dum and Twee del dee,

Your's in haste

CECILIA WALDERGRAVE.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

Miss St. LIGER to Miss CECILIA WALDEN.

GRAVE.

Seymour Castle;

WH Y my Cecilia, did you mortify me in your last letter by saying I was a self tormentor, surely my distresses are not imaginary, why my friend did you then treat me with such levity; you that know your Julia's heart, and are sensible of its sufferings.

The Newbours left this on monday, would I had never seen them, oh! Cecilia how could
lady

lady Carolina forget what she owed to herself, to act so bale a part, sure she must have first divested herself of all sentiments of honour; but I forgot you were unacquainted with the cause of my present unhappiness, indeed my dear, those different attacks quite unnerve me, they are too much for your poor Julia, my spirits are totally destroyed.

The earl and countess of Newbourg took a very affectionate leave of me, at parting the earl took my hand, have you no message, Miss St. Leger, no token of friendship to send to poor Robert? But I see plainly how it is, God bless you my lovely girl, I would rather say daughter, continued he, patting my cheek (which glowed like fire) if you come to London the girls will die with envy, the men with love. Lady Carolina took a polite leave hoped she should have the pleasure of seeing me in Portman square, with a great many other hopes and wishes, that had not one grain of sincerity in them. Soon after they were gone I went to walk in the shrubbery alone, Emily being obliged to answer a letter from her mother, I sauntered into the hermitage, and took up a book to amuse me, through inattention the book fell from my hand, stooping to lift it, I saw a letter lying open on the floor, I took it up with an intention to see who it belonged to, when the first thing to my great astonishment
caught

caught my eyes, were the names of Seymour and St. Leger, I turned the cover and saw it was directed to the honourable captain Sedly, for some time I hesitated to read it and put it into my pocket, but a desire I will not call it curiosity to see why we were named together made me read it; it was from lady Carolina to Sedly, with congratulations on the success of their scheme in separating us: I send you the horrible proof of their wickedness, but take care my dearest Cecilia of it, as you value the peace and life of your Julia, breathe not a hint of it to Sir Charles or my lord: He has conquered his partiality for me, and I must be satisfied, his esteem which I preferred before his love, I have inevitably lost, for he must think meanly of me to suppose me capable of writing on one month's acquaintance to a man like Sedly; my pride is hurt, I now can construe his behaviour, which before was beyond my comprehension. I dread, yet wish to go to town, to see the friend of my heart, and to quit this place, at least for a time; every thing reminds me of what I should not dwell on, I wish to be with one who would tell me when I was improper, for I am sadly afraid I have not dissembled my unfortunate attachment, and that it has been too visible, that thought distracts me, I blush whilst I write it; if lady Seymour has made the same observation surely she

she would have spoken to me: She talks of going to London very soon, business requires her presence there sooner than she thought.

I have had letters from Mrs Lenox and Olivia, she says she is supremely happy, moralizes a good deal and thinks if she had not suffered by the hand of adversity, she would not have been sensible of her present felicity.

Sir George Mordaunt is married to Olivia these six weeks past; he has sent me a thousand compliments in a paragraph of his bride's letter; I have answered them, and sincerely rejoice in their happiness. You see Cecilia there is no such thing as dying for love, Sir George could not survive my refusal, and behold in three months he is married to another; he is very amiable and she a sweet gentle girl, I think they have a fair prospect for their future life. Keep the enclosed till I see you, I long with impatience till I embrace you, for believe me I am with great sincerity

Ever Your's,

JULIA St. LEGER.

LETTER

LETTER V.

Lady CAROLINA NEWBOURG, to the honourable

Captain SEDLY, enclosed in the foregoing:

HA! ha! did I not tell you Sedly it would do, will you ever question my abilities again? I wish you had seen how my penetrating lord looked when I shewed him the direction of the letter to you, how eagerly he swallowed the bait! He looked amazed, and to give the devil his due, you know he has a very expressive countenance, doubt, jealousy, and
distracti^{on}

distraction were very easily read in it, while she the fair cause smiling by, unknowing of the torture she occasioned her swain; I managed it to a miracle, one would think she dropt her letter on purpose to assist me with weapons against herself, oh! how I am delighted to be able to make a dupe of the sensible sentimental Seymour, his consequence was hurt that you were preferred before him. You need not my Sedly, be under any uneasiness, it is not love that has actuated me against Seymour, and St. Leger, but to revenge my slighted charms; believe me if lord Henry was to offer, I would reject him with disdain, besides he is not to my taste, the man wants animation, he wants a little of your charming vivacity, however I wish the duke would insist on his marrying, before the girl goes to town, whilst his relentment is warm. O Ciel! how I would glory in mortifying this love sick Julia, I am certain she could not bear the disappointment, for it is obvious she adores him, I am afraid of their coming to a eclaircissement, but again I believe I need be under no apprehension, for my lord has a way of thinking peculiar to himself; he is delicate over much, I cannot conceive (as he does not in other matters want penetration) why he is so blind as not to see she loves him to folly; what else could bewitch her to refuse so many advantageous

vantageous matches? You men are absolutely infatuated with the fly gipsy, I imagine the girl to possess no small share of ambition, and that the ducal coronet, which sometime past was every one's opinion he would be heir to, was not lord Henry's most inferiour charm. I cry you mercy my lord marqués, I had forgot you had risen a step nearer to it since I had the honour of seeing your lordship. His old aunt intends to bring her paragon to London this winter, if I see right her ladyship wishes that they were joined in the holy bands of matrimony, but you my Machiavel have forbid them, with the assistance of your's and

only your's,

CAROLINE NEWBOURG.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

Miss CECILIA WALDERGRAVE, to Miss St.

LEGER

Grosvenor-Square.

Forgive me my amiable friend the levity that distressed you, when at the same time I felt for your situation, and pitied you, yes my dear girl I pitied you whilst I read the diabolical production of that female devil and her vile paramour, I will not comment on them, they are beneath my pen, but my Julia will triumph over them; it is already

already began, the marquess has refused her, his father has quarrelled with him, and forbid him his presence, because he would not sacrifice himself for a few paltry thousands. Her grace and lady Selina, are not displeased, as lady Carolina is by no means a favourite of theirs.

I met her ladyship, and lady Barbara Trevor in the park the other morning, attended by captain Villers; Miss Beverly, the marquess, and Sir Charles were with me; don't be jealous Julia, the marquess is of my suite, Miss Beverly stopped to speak to lady Carolina, lord Guilford saluted her in a cold distant manner, his constraint was visible, whilst she was intirely at her ease, she asked him to be of the party to the opera that evening, he declined by saying he was engaged to me: I was surprised as I knew I had not asked him, she looked disappointed.

I see my lord I stand no chance with Miss Waldergrave, *a propos*, when does your lordship expect miss St. Leger in town? when she comes there will be no getting hold of you, she will engage you intirely; you cannot imagine how spitefully she looked whilst she spoke. Miss St. Leger would do me honour if she would accept of my attentions, replied my lord, but I cannot flatter myself with a greater share of her's than what she bestows on every one that has the happiness of her acquaintance.

Now

Now to your ladyship's other question, I hear she will be in town after Christmas. Your pardon, my lord, she will I hope be in London the latter end of next month, said your friend; and pray my good people who is this Miss St. Leger, that there is such a fuss about, asked Miss Beverly; Oh! the most lovely, charming girl in the universe, replied Sir Charles. How do you know? have you ever seen her? said lady Carolina peevishly? No said he, with an arch smile, but lord Guilford has attempted to describe her; he says it is not in his power to do justice to her charms, but assure you ladies the sketch is enchanting. I am surprised my lord you did not strive to get it on canvass, is this any thing like it? cried I, holding out my arm that had your picture on it to the Marquess; absolutely I thought he would devour it with his eyes, yes Miss Waldergrave, replied he, it is a faint resemblance of your charming friend; he sighed and pressed my hand to his lips, it was the hand that had your likeness on it, so you may be assured I set it down to the right owner's account: Sir Charles and Miss Beverly confessed it beautiful; *Mon Dieu!* She is a divinity exclaimed captain Vilers, if she is as handsome as this, said Miss Beverly, what havoc she will make amongst our Beaus.

Lady

VOL. II.

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Lady Carolina did not seem to relish the conversation, looked at her watch, which reminded her of an engagement, wished us a good morning and tripped across the park, escorted by captain Villers to her carriage. Upon my honour my lord, said Miss Beverly, you were rather cruel to refuse lady Carolina your company this evening.

We had a good deal of laughing about his pretended engagement to me, he said it was not pretended for he had engaged himself in his own mind and that was sufficient; he is certainly a charming fellow, all the fault I have to him, he is too grave and too handsome.

Now, Julia, you see you have no reason to fear lady Carolina, believe me my sweet girl, the denouement will be to your satisfaction; I am delighted with Sir George Mordaunt's match, it is charming that the gentle Olivia has got so desirable a spouse, heavens! what an innocent he has to introduce into the world, I hope she will not commence fine lady, as it too often happens when a girl is confined in the early part of her life, and then emerges at once into all the fashionable follies of the dear bewitching town; many turn out modern wives, more from an intoxication of reason than a depravity of heart; and in that case are more to be pitied than blamed: I have locked up that execrable production in
my

my desk, for fear of accidents, so you may lull your fears to rest. Oh! how I longed to quote some of it to her ladyship, but prudence said no; you see Julia I have at last formed an intimacy with that discreet old maid, adieu *ma chere*.

La Blond is just come to dress me for the opera, what destruction Julia, will attend your coming from under his hands, he is the first Friseur in the kingdom, and as for disposing of your diamonds, feathers, &c. he has the happiest fancy imaginable; no head can look well that La Blond has not finished, positively I must be with you the first night you exhibit, but it must not be to see Siddons; tho' they say beauty is irresistible in tears, however I do not think terror so becoming; Siddons is wonderful, but she does not please me, she surprises, she astonishes you, but she wants that softness, that gentleness of manner, that harmony of voice, that Crawford possesses in so eminent a degree, and which goes directly to the heart. Siddons's Belvidera is more terrifying than distressing, her voice is amazingly strong, and as for expression her countenance beggars all description, she hardly requires a tongue to express; herself, her eyes are so uncommonly eloquent, and then she is some years younger than Crawford.

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As you value my future fame do not shew
this to any one, for to attempt to criticise the
child of nature, as she's called, would be to
expose my ignorance and want of taste. La
Blond is impatient, so once more adieu,

Ma Belle amie.

Your's,

CECILIA WALDERGRAVE.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

Miss St. LEGER to Miss CECILIA WALTER

GRAVE

Seymour-Castle.

I Just take up my pen to acquaint my Cecilia she may expect to embrace her Julia with all her weakness and imperfections, in Grosvenor-street on Tuesday evening. It is impossible for me to describe the variety of emotions that agitate my bosom, even the heart felt pleasure of my Cecilia's society is alloyed.

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The idea of the marquiss embitters every moment, to think of seeing him and to know he must despise me, is more I must acknowledge than I can bear with fortitude. That I have lost his friendship, Cecilia, I am convinced from his behaviour before he left this, but I strove to excuse it to myself, and sought to make an apology for him; so true it is that we are ever slow to credit what will give us pain.

Lady Carolina's scheme succeeded and robbed me of his esteem, he may pity, but he must despise me, I cannot even clear my character without endangering a life more valuable than my own. Oh! Cecilia, that idea almost congeals the vital blood that warms my heart; you, my friend, must learn to bear with your Julia, for at present I am composed of nothing but fears and apprehensions.

Lady Seymour is the most amiable of women, her attentions and tenderness to me, are unremitted; she informed me that lord Guilford had refused lady Carolina, and of his grace's displeasure, I am surprised, says she, that my brother can be so unreasonable as to expect Henry would sacrifice himself to what he did not stand in need of, for if his brother had lived, his own fortune with what he may reasonably expect at my death, would be

be sufficient to purchase all the superfluities of life, and I must say I think Henry too good for lady Carolina; she wants sensibility, nor does she abound with sentiment, and besides all that, I have reason to think his affections are engaged. Do you, Julia, think they are? I hesitated, and stammered out I did not know. Whilst we were talking the door was flung open by Emily, leading in two beautiful children, a boy and a girl about six years old, which gave me time to recover out of my confusion, which you may judge was very great: I wonder what her reason was for asking me, I hope she does not suspect my weakness; yet I thought whilst she was speaking, her eyes seemed as if they would penetrate my most inmost thoughts. Bless me, cried lady Seymour whose cherubs are those? lord Guilford's, replied Emily, no indeed lisped the little girl, we belong to lord Seymour; see that, madam, said Emily, I am right, how sly he is, smooth water runs deep, you know the rest: but, Julia, don't you think the boy very like my lord, looking archly at me, mercy on me how you colour, upon my honour one would think I had said the children were yours.

Fool that I was I felt my face glow like fire, pray Emily leave fooling and tell who those:

those children belong to, said lady Seymour very gravely; there is a woman below, replied Emily, that enquired for lord Seymour, and I very naturally concluded they belonged to him, but your ladyship sees he takes very good care of them, so you need not be very angry; do, Emily, answered her ladyship ring and desire her to come up; and immediately the servant introduced a clean looking country woman, one that none of us knew, for you must know we are acquainted with every face in the parish of Rosehill.

Pray, my good woman, asked my lady, where do you live? ten miles from this, and please your ladyship, his honour desired the last time I saw him, to come to a Master Jervais and that he would pay me; I have these children since last June, continued she; his worship bought them from vagrant Gipsies, and gave twenty golden guineas for them, God almighty will bless his honour for it, all the days of his life; they are as fine babes as ever was born, come here Fanny and Harry, and make your manners to their worships honour; when I got them they were all over stained with walnut juice, I thought as how I should never be able to get it off, but your ladyship sees they are now as white as a lilly. Julia my dear, said lady Seymour, shall we take little Fanny into our protection, and leave

leave Harry to the care of Jervais; your ladyship anticipates my wishes, replied I, I was just going to make the request, Jervais was then called who satisfied the woman, and lady Seymour made her a compliment of five guineas, as she said for depriving her of her little companions, who parted from her with reluctance.

You see, Cecilia, lord Guilford rises every hour in one's opinion, how good it was of him to rescue these little helpless innocents from such wretches, and how few young men would incur themselves with such a charge.

We bring Fanny Hervey, that's the little girl's name, to town. Lady Seymour says she will make a provision for her immediately, and not leave it to whim or caprice, when she is past the age to amuse; it would be cruel to cast her on the world at a dangerous time of life, with notions above her situation, and no means of supporting them; don't you, my dear Cecilia, admire her way of thinking, how few that heaven has given the means to, know how to apply it properly, but lady Seymour's heart is open as melting charity, to her all acts of humanity, are pleasing exercises of the mind; she never feels herself fatigued by such employment, for she is indefatigable

defatigable in dispensing good. I could for ever dwell on the perfections of this amiable woman, though my pen is not equal to do justice to her merits.

When I sat down I did not think I should have said more than acquaint you with the day you might expect me, but writing to you relieves the pain of absence; it is an extraordinary thing, Cecilia, that the very action which marks it most should make us feel it least.

Lady Seymour is determined I shall make a brilliant figure when I go to town; I am not for wearing my jewels they are too considerable for my fortune, but she is positive I shall; and I would as soon attempt to oppose my dear mother were she living, as lady Seymour; do not I owe her every thing, for if I was her own and only child, she could not think more of me than she does: I hope I may never by any ill conduct forfeit her affection. We leave this on saturday, I shall quit it with regret; though we are so far advanced in Autumn, it is still beautiful; at present a gloom is spread over every countenance I meet. lady Seymour's leaving this is considered as an irreparable misfortune; although they lose nothing by her going to London but the pleasure of seeing her every day; as Jervais is to dispencc her bounty during her absence.

Emily

Emily desires her baifemains to you, and says she must trouble you to put her under the hands of Monsieur La Blond, that he may make her killingly handsome; indeed she wants no additions, for in my opinion she is a beautiful girl, her vivacity diffuses a thousand charms over her whole form, which is animation itself. I am teized to death by colonel Walpole, he will not take a denial, and says he will pursue me, in hopes his unremitted assiduities, his constant love, and sufferings may soften my heart in his favour, he is Cecilia, very insinuating, and I think him amiable; but his perfections are lost on me; he leaves this to-morrow as he makes no secret that I have been the talisman that held him here: do not accuse me of vanity, for believe me I would wish to pass unnoticed.

I am told we are to be near neighbours in town, sure you will be mostly with me, I would say always, but I know I must not expect to monopolize you intirely, farewell my dear, my amiable Cecilia, till Tuesday, time will move with leaden wings, when I hope to fold you in the arms of your

JULIA St. LEGER.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

Sir CHARLES WILMOT to the honourable Capt.

VILLERS.

London;

WHAT the deuce are you about, Villers, to be at this season of the year in the dismal mines of Cornwall? It must be an engagement of the heart, for nothing else could make that dreary shore habitable. Guilford's Julia is arrived, if I had said every man's Julia, I would not have been much out, for at present she is the reigning goddess; she is certainly

tainly the loveliest woman I ever saw; there is an undescribable something about her, that you cannot behold her with indifference; my heart had like to play me false, only a smile of approbation from my little Hebe, at my visible admiration of her fair friend, recalled the wanderer: I could not bear to betray an unsuspecting heart, if she had looked uneasy or discovered any jealous fear, she would not have succeeded half so well.

As for Miss St. Leger, it is impossible to do her justice, there is a tender melancholy hangs about her, which renders her almost irresistible; when she smiles, ten thousand nameless beauties play about her charming mouth. I am not in the least astonished at the violence of Guilford's passion, but how he could be silent so long surprises me; she has refused a number of very advantageous offers, at present she is surrounded by men of all ranks; I am often apprehensive she will be suffocated they crowd so wherever she is; faith I feel for her, she is so stared at, and talked out of countenance.

Lord Delton came into the box next her's, the other night at the opera, his lordship half seas over, he ogled her a considerable time through his glass, at length he caught the marquis by the arm, in pity to me my dear Guilford, tell me who that divinity is, that's with you: *Mon dieu* what eyes she has,
how

how bright how sparkling; what a mouth, what a neck; I see plainly why lady Carolina was refused, upon my soul Guilford you are a happy dog, but too great a monopolizer, you must positively introduce me to that angel. All the while the marquis was striving to get him out of the box, but in vain, he was too much intoxicated to mind what was said. The marquis went out and I whispered Delton I would satisfy him, if he would withdraw with me, I at last prevailed; as we were going out the trembling Julia caught hold of my coat, for heaven's sake Sir Charles take care! She blushed and hesitated, but out of compassion I took on me to guess her meaning, and promised her nothing disagreeable should happen. It was with difficulty I could prevent a quarrel, as the marquis was dreadfully enraged, however it was settled the next day, on the poor culprit's begging pardon: Miss St. Leger would not see him, but received his apology from me.

The duke of Surry, and colonel Walpole are added to her train; his grace has lady Seymour's voice, but if I read right Miss St. Leger's heart beats but for Guilford; her blushes whenever he addresses her, speak much in her favour, an indifferent spectator, Villers, can see more than the party concerned. If I had been in his place I would have put

put an end to hopes and fears. I advised him to make sure of her before she came to town, but he would not take it, he soars above the common mode; I am afraid by false delicacy he has made two amiable people miserable, yet I cannot help thinking they were formed for each other; dame nature was in one of her bountiful humours when she cast their moulds, upon my soul I do think them the most finished of the creation.

The duke his father is displeased at his refusal of lady Carolina, and I suppose he will object to his marrying Miss St. Leger, but the marquiss is independant and can please himself; it is well for me that my choice is agreeable to lord Morpeth, as it would not be convenient to me, to dispense with his fortune, and a title without one is a great incumbrance. Mrs. Waldergrave and her fair daughter are to spend the Christmas at Morpeth Hall, I have intreated her to fix the time when my probation is to expire, but she is deaf to all I can say on the subject; Miss St. Leger has spoke in my favour, but she says she will not be teized; whenever I give my hand it shall be a free gift and with the utmost good humour, says I am in a great hurry, suppose by way of punishing me, you take lady Carolina Newbourg, says she smiling, you then might compare notes; but if after this advice you persevere to practice
patience,

patience, as I assure you in matrimony I believe it to be a necessary ingredient, I do not know what I may be tempted to do; thus does she exert her power over me, and I am obliged to put in practice a virtue I am not much endowed with; but what will not almighty love make man conform to? I wish you would meet me at Morpeth Hall, do, dear Villers, if you can, you'll oblige

Your's

CHARLES WILMOT.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

Miss St. LEGER to Miss CECILIA WALDER-

GRAVE.

Upper Grosvenor-Street.

HAVING been happy in the society of my Cecilia for so long a time, I stand in need of all my philosophy to reconcile me to your absence, I feel the want of your friendly assistance to support my spirits in this vortex of dissipation in which I constantly whirl. Surely Mrs. Waldergrave might have deferred her visit to Bensly-grove; Sir Charles

Charles too complains he is disappointed, in not having the happiness of conducting you to Morpeth-hall ; indeed Cecilia, I think you trifle too much with him, but I know you do not like to be lectured on that head, so I have done.

The Duke of Lecester and family are come to town, the dutchess and lady Selina have been to see lady Seymour, she introduced me in the most flattering manner to them, her grace received me with the greatest affability and politeness, she paid me several compliments, and hoped I would be no stranger at Lecester-house. As my sister is not fond, added she, of going much into public, if you chuse, Miss St. Leger I will be your Chaperon ; I thanked her grace and accepted her offer, before she went away, she engaged Emily and me for the opera the next evening, and for the masquerade, which is to be in a fortnight ; your dresses must be very smart, I will have no Domino's, nor do I doubt your fancy, but there are many characters you are not acquainted with, in which you would appear to advantage. Selina shall if you please, bring you to Du Bois, who has the greatest variety of dresses.

Every thing was settled for the important occasion ; they soon after took their leave, I am not much delighted with the thoughts of going, the idea of the croud terrifies

rifies me, and to be obliged to support a character I will not be equal to, distresses me not a little.

The next morning the duke came to pay his respects to lady Seymour, after the usual enquiries were over, a long family conversation ensued, his grace was outrageous with the marquess, but I suppose says he, he has some entanglement, or else he would not be such an idiot as to reject so advantageous an offer, he has disappointed my hopes, and made me break my word with the earl, but it is your ladyship I may thank for his being so undutiful to me, by rendering him independent; by heaven he shall never be the better of me, for every thing I can keep from him I will. It was in vain that lady Seymour strove to pacify him, and be reconciled to the marquis, the more she intreated the more he stormed and swore, Emily's going in put a stop to the conference, he was very glad to see her, but I am told, my lady, said he, your family is enlarged; her grace and Selina are in raptures with your ward, pray will your ladyship let me see your Paragon? Yes my lord, replied the partial lady Seymour, you shall see my Julia, and you will say report falls short of her deservings. She rung and ordered a servant to tell me, she would be glad to speak to me; you can't imagine, Cecilia, what a palpitation the message

sage

sage threw me into; however, I summoned courage and went: On my going into the room, lady Seymour took me by the hand and presented me to his grace. After he saluted me, he viewed me with attention; and paid me a number of compliments, amongst the number said, if he was single, he certainly would be a competitor for my favour. He then turned to lady Seymour, and asked her had I spent the summer with her? Yes, my lord, replied she, I have had the pleasure of Miss St. Leger's company since March last.

Emily asked for the marquess, you will oblige me (said he warmly) never to mention that ungracious boy to me; his name is hateful to my feelings: I felt my face glow like fire, he was too angry I hope to observe me. Soon after he took leave; when he was gone lady Seymour told me what had passed, my brother is unperfuadable, I am sorry to find him so fond of money.

I am very apprehensive it will be a long time before he will be reconciled to Henry. How unamiable, Cecilia, is that vice, for avarice is certainly one, how much must it lessen the duke's character, in the opinion of generous minds, to grasp at sordid ore, who is already wealthy to profusion, and yet would sacrifice his son's inclinations and happiness, for the sake of a few more paltry thousands.

Lord

Lord Guilford's behaviour I must confess puzzles me: every one supposes him attached to me, lady Seymour I believe is of the same opinion, I wish she would speak, as I would be glad to clear myself of acting clandestinely.

Lady Carolina Newbourg visited us yesterday, she offered to fancy my dress for the masquerade, I told her the dutchess of Leicester was so good to take that trouble, she however made me promise to let her see it as soon as I had fixed on one.

How irksome it is, my Cecilia, to behave with politeness to a person that has injured me in so tender a point; she would not let me rest till I consented to go to a china sale with her and Emily, we were soon joined by lord Melvin and colonel Walpole. I was chatting with the colonel when I saw Sedly come into the room, I felt myself colour with resentment and vexation, for it was the first time I saw him since he left the castle; he accosted me with such a familiarity as put me out of patience; I hardly returned an answer to his many inquiries, he was hurt by my behaviour, and took an opportunity to ask how he had offended me? I desired him to ask his heart the question, and I believed it would inform him; I was turning from him, and he had laid his hand on my arm to detain me, when the marquess enter'd the room. If I had been

been guilty and caught in the greatest crime, I could not be covered with deeper confusion, the sight left my eyes for some minutes. When he perceived Sedly with me he turned away and left the room with precipitation; I felt so severely that I was obliged to have recourse to my salts to prevent my fainting. They were all alarmed at my altered countenance, I complained that the heat of the room had given me a violent head ach (if I had said heart ach, I should have told truth) colonel Walpole led me to the carriage, and stepped in after me, apologizing for taking such a liberty, but he was apprehensive the motion of the carriage would make me worse, and he would be miserable if he left me till he saw me safe home.

Ah! Cecilia, these attentions are not agreeable to me from any one, but the person that has ceased to pay them; he at times forgets himself, and then he is all tenderness and assiduity, but he soon again relapses into his usual indifference; my mind is a constant scene of agitation.

In the evening we went to the opera with the dutchess and Selina, the marquiss, lord Melvin, and Sir Charles Wilmot, were our Beaus'; the marquiss sat behind me, whether the music had softened him, or what other cause it sprung from I know not, but he behaved in such a manner as banished every disagreeable

disagreeable idea, Sedly, the auction room, &c were intirely forgot and I was listening to some remarks he was making on the piece, when a lord Delton (I suppose you know him) came into the next box to ours, he stared me quite out of countenance; he then seized the marquiss by the arm, asked him who I was, and spoke in such terms and so loud, as drew the eyes of the whole house on me; the marquiss strove to get him out but in vain; when he found all he said was ineffectual, he whispered lord Delton, and left the box, Sir Charles at last prevailed on him to go out. Cecilia, I thought I would have gone distracted dreading some fatal effect from the marquiss's resentment, but Sir Charles promised me to prevent a quarrel: I can never forget his behaviour, he was all consideration. The dutchess and lady Selina were dreadfully alarmed, but thank God it was made up by Sir Charles, on lord Delton's making a proper apology; he wanted to come to beg my pardon, but I would not see him.

The marquiss has left town, he seemed very much affected when he took leave of me, he sighed as he pressed my hand to his lips, farewell my dear Miss St. Leger, may you be happy let what will become of me. I am afraid my weakness was too visible, lady Seymour and Emily coming into the room, put a stop to our conversation, which my lord seemed

seemed inclined to continue, and seemed greatly dissatisfied with the interruption.

Pity me, my friend, for with him all my happiness is fled; the dutchess wanted him to stay till the masquerade was over, but he told her business of moment called him to the country, but if it was possible he would be in town against the day. Why must the wickedness of lady Carolina prevail? for too sure it dwells on his mind, I will shun her if it is possible. Sedly I will never more speak to, after what I have said to him, I flatter myself he will not presume to address me again. I tire you my Cecilia, but you are accustomed to bear with the weakness of

your

JULIA ST. LEGER.

LETTER

LETTER X.

Miss CECILIA WALDERGRAVE, to Miss St.

LEGER.

Bensley-Grove.

AS I hope to be married, Julia, you are a sad girl, sighing and breaking your heart at such a rate, if you persevere, your beauty will be totally destroyed, and when that's gone you may sigh till your heart breaks, for no one will mind your heigh ho! What an ill omen'd bird lady Seymour was, to come at so critical a moment to interrupt so interest-

VOL. II.

D

ing

ing a conversation, I wonder how the Marquis summoned courage to say so much. I wager my swain had advised him; it would be happy for him if he was blessed with a little of the Marquis's taciturnity, if he was, you will say, I would not like him; a silent lover is not to my taste. So the poor youth you tell me is disappointed at not having the happiness of conducting me to the mansion of his ancestors. I believe I shall not trouble it, as I imagine I am settled for life; such a conquest, girl! Twenty thousand pounds a year, half to be settled on your giddy friend, with a moral certainty of wearing weeds (that is if I have the least luck) the first quarter, as I believe the spring is the season for hunting, and probably my intended may break his neck, pursuing the delights of the chase. Pray Julia, don't you think a widow's crape very becoming? But I see you are growing very angry, so will play the fool no longer, and will if I can be serious. Sir Philip Onslow has proposed in form for your humble: great as my beauty is, (and you know that is indisputably confirmed a fact) it was not to that I owe my conquest, but by listening with patience to an account of his stable and kennel. I am perfectly well acquainted with the name of his favourites, both in studd and pack; there is not a five barred gate, nor a double fence from Bensley Grove, to Furry Park, but

but I have gone over a hundred times by the fire side. When the chase is over, and he gives the view hollow, he claps me on the back and swears I am a girl after his own heart; I do not believe he will take a denial, for he seems not to believe me, when I tell him I am engaged. You see I am adopting your method of discarding them I don't like; I would be obliged to you not to let Sir Charles know the extent of my folly, as I think such a confession sits rather awkward on me. I am quite out of temper, Julia, mortified to a degree; a masquerade and I not at it, insupportable, and tho' my dear Sir Philip says one Fox chase is worth an hundred Masquerades, his arguments are by no means convincing; how can you be so insensible, I had almost said stupified; not to be in raptures at the bare idea of the havock you will make that charming night; take my advice, and go as a Diana, and I dare lay my life on it, the virgin huntress has not more followers than what you will have; but perhaps you would rather go as Juliet, but that would not do; your Romeo is absent. You will say I am spiteful to put you in mind of your misfortunes, indeed I am not; but I am devoured with Ennui.

Never my Julia, let your mind suffer a moments uneasiness, on Lady Carolina's account

her malice cannot injure you. Sedley you have silenced: upon my honour you shewed a notable spirit to him, if Sir Philip had been near you, your back would bear marks of his approbation. I am pleased you have the Dutchess of Leceister for your chaperon, she is every way eligible.

You tell me of your frights and fears, but you keep your conquests to yourself, not a word of the Duke of Surry; do Julia, settle the matter at once, and accept his Grace. You know how partial I am to the Marquiss, and in my opinion he is not to be fellowed, yet I think in love affairs he does not act with propriety. I am sure it is not from any interested motive he is silent; I am apter to imagine it proceeds from a diffidence of his own merit.

I shall be at Morpeth-Hall in ten days, out of compassion to my curiosity and disappointment send me a full and true account of your dresses, and the many agreeables you'll meet at the masquerade, as to a description of the drawing room, routs, &c. there's such a sameness attends them, that sweet variety is totally banished; but give me your opinion of the opera.

I hope Lord Delton did not destroy the impression Lord Guildford and the soul-felt harmony of Rubenelli made on your heart.

I hear

I hear Sir Philip cracking his whip, to the music of a sett of beagles. I must conclude: the noise is intolerable. Adieu, *ma chere*,

Ever your's

CECILIA WALDERGRAVE.

LETTER XI.

Miss St. LEGER to Miss CECILIA WALDER-

GRAVE.

Upper Grosvenor-street.

AMUSE yourself, Cecilia, as much as you please, I do regret Lord Guildford's being out of town, as I should look to him as a protector from all dangers that delightful night, as you call it: but to me the masquerade has no charms, all you can say, cannot divest me of a degree of terror, whenever I think of it; it is an amusement from description

cription I never approved off. As to Emily, she is, like you, certainly bewitched with the very name of it : we have been to all the ware-rooms in town, and were so perfectly confused with the number of different dresses that I believe we should have found it a hard matter to settle the point, if the Dutchess had not proposed Lady Selina, Emily and your Julia going as vestal virgins, we all agreed tho' Emily declared, when we came home, only politeness made her assent, and that she would not break the Trio, she would rather be a Flora, a Quaker, a Nun, or any other common character, as she might expect to have some smart things said to her ; but who will dare, says she, attack the ears of a vestal. I am perfectly contented, as I shall have no character to support ; I shall be more at my ease, and can better make observations on the company, which to me will be greater entertainment than in attempting witticisms, which like many others I might not probably succeed in.

Lady Carolina disapproved my going in a dress that will not shew my jewels to advantage, but I told her, for the present I could assume no other, but if ever I went to another masquerade she should direct my choice. We parted with a promise of meeting at the Pantheon.

I flattered myself, Sir Charles would have

staid till it was over, as I intended he should be my beau for the night, but he flies on the wings of impatience to Morpeth-hall: he is in raptures at the bare idea of meeting you, and takes the trouble of conveying this, to ensure him a welcome. Do Cecilia, behave graciously for he is deserving all your favour, and you can act generously when you please. Sir Charles has heard of Sir Philip Onslow's proposal: talking of it to me; he says, it does not make me the least uneasy, as I am certain Miss St. Leger, your lovely friend is above deceit. I am too sensible of her charms; not to be convinced others will feel their influence; I was almost tempted to shew him your letter, only I was afraid you would not easily forgive me.

What happy prospects, my dearest Cecilia, are before you! Sir Charles has not the smallest tincture of jealousy, of all passions it is the most to be dreaded, it destroys all the nobler feelings of the soul; but you will not have any of its baneful effects to fear. Sir Charles is every thing that is amiable; how long do you mean to keep him in suspense? let your Julia prevail on you to fix the time, let me say when both your happiness will commence; do not be angry, my Cecilia, but your felicity, take my word for it, is closely connected with his, be a good girl, and send me a summons to attend you at Morpeth-hall, and that
you

you may not arraign me for infecting you with ennui, I shall bring the nymph Euphrosyne as my companion, in the mean time if you have any commands *en habillement*, I will execute them with punctuality. Pray Cecilia, do employ me, and give me the credit of prevailing on you, and be assured I will bury my griefs in the bosom of your felicity.

You wish me to accept the Duke of Surry. I grant he is a person whose address might flatter the vanity of any woman, who placed her glory in being admired by him, and envied by her own sex, on that account; but his pride and haughtiness are intolerable, tho' he attempts before me, to put on the appearance of humility, and a gentleness of manners that I know is a stranger to his breast. But enough of him. As to Colonel Walpole, I am perfectly sensible of his merits: but the more I am, the more I think myself obliged at once to prevent him indulging fruitless expectations. Lady Seymour for the first time, disapproves of my refusal of his grace; let me prevail on you, my dear Julia, says she, if you are not resolved to remain single, or if your affections are not already engaged, to receive the Duke of Surry's visits, do not be so hasty in your determinations, and time may make a change in your sentiments; seeing me very much affected, she took my hand, don't distress yourself my love, I do not mean

to persuade you, I only wish you would consider my advice, as your happiness is dearer to me than my own : believe me, my child, it is not his rank or fortune, splendid as it is, that makes me wish you to accept him, but his character is amiable ; which engages me in his interest, and the ardent desire I have to see you happily settled ; with tears I begged her indulgence, for I could not think of giving his Grace any encouragement, as I was sensible my heart would never approve him. She then told me she should be ever silent on the subject. But his Grace continues to torment me ; he builds his hopes on Lady Seymour's approbation ; would I could oblige her, but ah ! Cecilia, this wayward heart of mine, I cannot bend to her desire.

You my friend know, that my unfortunate attachment is not weakened, I wish not to think of it, but it too often obtrudes itself. I strive to banish reflection, but I cannot succeed in the attempt. I wish for you every hour, to repose my unhappiness in your affectionate breast.

But how could you, my Cecilia, write so lightly on what you cannot but revere and admire ; for where can your mind be so exquisitely gratified as in the drawing-room ; where you may view the virtues in their highest perfection, and to charm your eyes, the graces
are

are there conspicuously blended with every other personal beauty.

Never did I behold a more interesting sight, my heart throbbed with a sort of extatic pleasure; when I had time to contemplate the most amiable family living. As to the Opera you know I am an enthusiast with regard to music; but the recitative, I very much dislike. I would not hazard my opinion amongst people of the ton, but I can't be persuaded but a good English voice, properly instructed would be full as agreeable, as any Signior or Signore! The vast sums of money lavished on those people, could I think be much better applied, by encouraging some of our own country, who if they were as well instructed, would many of them I make no doubt, have equal merit; it may proceed from want of taste, but the Italian attitudes disgust me; they do not answer my idea of elegance. The ballet adds much to the beauty of the Opera, and I perceive more attention paid to the dancers than to the rest of the performers.

In my next I shall give you an account of the masquerade scene; to night we go to the Dutchess of Lecester's rout, that is a species of amusement I am likewise so unfashionable not to admire, but I shall not render myself particular by giving my opinion of it in public. I forgot to tell you, I am become a great favourite with the Duke of Lecester; he has

said, it is a pity fortune has been such a niggard of her favour; but my dear, replied her Grace, nature has been bountiful to Miss St. Leger; he shook his head, as much as to say that was not sufficient compensation for the want of what, I believe he thinks the summum bonum of earthly happiness; this conversation I had from Emily, who says her Grace spoke highly in my praise. Adieu, and believe me,

Ever your,

JULIA St. LEGER.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

Miss CECILIA WALDERGRAVE, to Miss St.

LEGER.

Morpeth-Hall.

MY dear Julia, I received your sage epistle, by the hands of Sir Charles Wilmot; who knowing the value I set on every thing that appertaineth to you; expected more for the postage, than I was willing to pay, with difficulty the matter was adjusted, and I got permission to read your sermon; will you give me leave to publish it for the benefit of
the

the community, it will be great edification in particular to the jealous of both sexes. Upon your honour Julia, what bribe did Sir Charles give you to write his Elogium, you have performed it to a miracle. The man looked when he delivered his credentials, as if he was sensible of the contents; I have often told you, he has too much vanity, it must be lowered: in that respect he is too like your saucy friend. I had a great mind to be displeased with you, for saying so much in his favour, and to convince me of the violence of his passion; you inform me he was not in the smallest degree uneasy at hearing he stood a chance of losing me: you must know I had a great mind to put your letter in the fire, when I came to your matrimonial advice, glad as I should be to see you, I must not purchase that happiness at the expence of my liberty.

I acknowledge my error in respect of the intellectual entertainment you so much admire; indeed Julia, they are I believe, the sentiments of every one who has the happiness to behold them. You must forgive your giddy friend, it is what they would do! They are too good, not to practice Heaven's favourite attribute, which pardons human frailties. When I had gone through your letter, folded it up, and put it into my pocket; how could you Sir Charles, said I turning to him,
be

be so unpolite as not to offer to escort Miss St. Leger to the masquerade; I could not think you would have committed such a solecism in good breeding. I wish, Julia, you had seen how he stared, sure replied he, Miss St. Leger does not complain of me; for if I had an idea she wished for my attendance, impatient as I was to see you, I would have deferred that happiness, to have conduced in the least to that of your amiable friend; but my dear Miss Waldergrave, how can you think I should stand a chance to be accepted where there are so many candidates for her heart and hand; I was certain the Duke of Surry would distance all his rivals. But tell me, my charming Cecilia, continued he, taking my hand, (very familiar you say) I drew it from him in a hurry; no palming, Sir Charles said I, whatever you want to ask, do it fairly, I am, I assure you, incorruptible. Well says he, will you inform me, does your fair friend approve of Surry: Oh! your servant, my friend, replied I, you want me to betray confidence, what judgment have you formed from your observations, for I suppose you were not an idle spectator. Why, replied he laughing, you must pardon me; but there are so many secret windings, such obscure recesses in the female mind, that it is very difficult, if not impossible, for speculation to arrive at the real spring, or the first mover

mover of their actions ; but I must confess, I am very uneasy on the Marquis's account. Why said I, should you trouble yourself about what gives him no concern ; you are mistaken replied he, never was there a more violent passion in the bosom of any man, than possesses the heart of Guildford. I am sure, said I, he never spoke on that subject to Julia, no, said he, nor can I account for his silence : but for so elegant a fellow, and one possessed of so much merit ; he is too diffident of himself, of the many that form pretensions to your lovely friend ; he certainly would in my opinion, be the most deserving of her ; you see, continued he, I am not so tenacious of my knowledge as you are ; you should absolutely reward me. For what said I, is it for betraying your friend ? so you want a secret in return. But believe me, it is not such a wonder a woman can keep a secret ; the rest of the conversation was not worth relating.

I begin to imagine the Marquis is not a Solomon. Do you, Julia, take the advice you so lately gave, and behave generously, speak your mind, for a hint won't do.

Sir Charles is tormenting me to go to take an airing on horse back, he desires a thousand compliments, and apologies to you. I have sent him away, for positively I will not go till I tell you how I like this mansion, and its inhabitants. The place is beautiful, the people
not

not amiss. My lord the most agreeable facetious old Grecian you ever saw; the natives around us a peaceable kind of savages, but hardly a beau or belle. We have Captain Villers here, a friend of Sir Charles's, Lady Frankford and three daughters, all amazingly affected; Lord Abbeville a fresh importation from Paris, the Miss Frankford's not long returned from that scene of delight, so they entertain one from morn till eve, from eve to dewy dawn; (I can't say a summer's day) with their judicious remarks on dear Italy and France, with observations on the manners of the English, not much to the advantage of the latter.

Here comes Sir Charles again, he will not be denied, farewell, and continue to love

Your

CECILIA WALDERGRAVE.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

*Miss SIDNEY to Miss WALDERGRAVE.**Dear Miss Waldergrave,**Upper Grosvenor-square.*

I TAKE up my pen at the request of Miss St Leger, lest you should be alarmed at her silence, occasioned by a hurt she received in her arm, which prevented her holding her pen; she wanted to write a few lines, but the surgeon has declared she must not for some-time. But as yet, you are totally unacquainted how she met with the accident, thank God it was not worse.

The

The Masquerade night, Julia and I, went to Leicester House; which was open to receive masques at past eleven. The Dutchess, Lady Selina, Lady Caroline Newbourg, Lady Honoria Walton, Miss Beverly, Julia and I, attended by the Duke of Surry, the Lords, Orford, Melvin, Somerset and Colonel Walpole, went to the Pantheon. Wherever Julia went, the elegance of her figure attracted general notice; to avoid what was so disagreeable to her, she joined the dancers; I observed a masque in a domino follow her all night, he never spoke to her, but often attacked Lady Caroline. At supper every one unmasked; never in my life did I see any one look so beautiful as Julia did. The dancing and heat of the rooms, had raised her complexion, which added double lustre to her eyes; it was impossible to behold her without admiration, it was not even in the power of envy to find fault with our lovely friend? After supper we made a party for Cotillons, and danced till four; Colonel Walpole was Julia's partner, when we broke up, Lady Caroline took Julia under the arm, accompanied by the Colonel, and went to saunter thro' the rooms; in a short time the Colonel returned to know if her Grace was for going, as the ladies were fatigued. The Dutchess was very angry at his leaving them, he said it was at the desire of Lady Carolina; who was ill with
a head

a head-ach, and did not chuse to come into the croud: the gentlemen went to bring them that we might go home; but think, my dear Miss Waldergrave, our surprise and distress, when they returned with Lady Carolina, and no Julia. A person had personated the Colonel, and brought them down a back way, to avoid the croud, and told them, they would meet her Grace at the door; Julia willingly consented as she dreaded the mob; when they had got out of the door, a set of drunken men, who appeared to have a quarrel, rushed between Lady Caroline and the Colonel who led Julia. She had just regained the room, when the real Colonel entered it. Her astonishment was so great, with difficulty she could articulate, where is Miss St. Leger? all was now confusion, the gentlemen arraigned themselves for their negligence, but the fault was intirely Lady Carolina's, who would not permit any of them to go with them but Walpole. They then went different ways, but it was all ineffectual; Lord Orford was outrageous with his sister, who he said was too well acquainted with the ways of masquerades to leave it with a person masqued; she strove to excuse herself, but that was impossible. The Dutchess was almost distracted; we at last left the Pantheon, in a very different frame of mind from that in which we entered it; as for my part I did not know
how

how to see Lady Seymour. Her Grace came home with me, but on hearing her ladyship was in bed, did not alight, as she supposed she would not see me till morning; but the moment she heard the carriage drive away, she rung her bell, and desired to see us; I went with a heavy heart, where is Julia, says she, the moment I entered the room; I could make no reply but with my tears; when she was informed of the truth, she got up, and tho' the Duke and the rest of the gentlemen were gone in pursuit of Julia, she ordered the men to saddle the horses, and take different roads, and offer any sum to the first person who would give any account of her. Never did I see any one so dreadfully affected she bewailed Julia, with all the tenderness of a fond distracted parent. I am convinced if she had not been suddenly restored to her, she could not have long survived her loss.

Breakfast was brought, but neither of us wuld taste it; about nine o'clock, I heard a carriage stop, I flew to the window, but seeing it was Lord Guildford's, I resumed my seat; the door was thrown open, and Julia entered, followed by the Marquis; she looked pale, her cloaths all bloody, and her arm in a sling. She flew to Lady Seymour, whose arms were open, ready to receive her; her spirits failed her, and she fainted; Lord Guildford took her from his aunt, and placed her
on

on the couch, it was sometime before she came to herself; when she did, she burst into tears, which seemed very much to relieve her. The Marquis to give a turn to our thoughts, said, Emily wont you give us some breakfast, Miss St. Leger and I, have had a long ride this morning; I begged their pardon, and ordered it directly. When it was over, the Marquis proposed sending for Mr. A— altho said he, I do not think the wound any way dangerous, however, it would be right he should see it.

He was immediately sent for, when he came, he put some slight dressing on it, and desired she should not for some days, make use of her hand and it would not signify. Don't you rejoice with us, my dear Miss Waldergrave, in the escape our Julia has had. She cut her arm, in breaking the windows of the carriage she was in, hearing horses, which fortunately proved to be the Marquis's.

Whoever the villian was, he got off undiscovered, but he had given Julia a paper, which unravelled the whole diabolical contrivance? Would you believe it possible, that Lady Caroline Newbourg was the author of it. But Lord Guilford is totally unacquainted with it, for fear of any quarrel between him and Lord Orford, as soon as Julia will be permitted to make use of her pen; she will write you a true account of her adventures.

She

She is now intirely recovered, all but her arm, and goes into public with it in a scarf. She declares against masquerades; had it not been for her adventures, I should have doated on them; it is an amusement quite to my taste.

Julia requests you will write directly, as she will be impatient to hear from you.

Adieu, and believe me,

Ever your's,

EMILY SIDNEY.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

Miss WALDERGRAVE to Miss SIDNEY.

Dear Miss Sidney,

Morpeth-Hall.

I AM almost distracted, why did you not tell me all, is my Julia's life in danger, in pity let me know the truth, has she escaped a locked jaw, sure if she was so well as you say, she would have wrote one line to relieve my anxiety; I would have set out for London directly on the receipt of yours, but my mother has had a violent fever, and is still confined—

fin'd to her chamber. Sir Charles offered to go to town, but I knew he would joyn in deceiving me; I gave him no thanks, I told him, for leaving it when he did; at that moment I was dreadfully out of temper with him, in your next let her only write she is out of danger, for till I see her own hand writing (you must pardon me) I will not be convinced, but what you say is to make me easy. Oh! the vile masquerade, and the more abominable Lady Caroline. Give my love to Julia, let her wave her fears for Lord Gaultord and Lord Orford, and let me have the pleasure of exposing that disgrace to human nature, as her wickedness deserves. Was Sedley her abettor in the horrid contrivance? why did you not tell me what that paper contained which you mention? I enclose a letter that Julia may have occasion for, be careful of it, and deliver it to no one but herself; you will oblige me, my dear Miss Sidney, if you'll not wait for my answers to your letters, but write in continuation, for I shall be miserable for the return of the post. My mind is so agitated I can hardly write with the least connexion, but you who know, and love my Julia, will excuse what is occasioned by heart felt distress. Adieu, my friend, and believe me with sincerity,
Your affectionate,

CECILIA WALDEGRAVE.

P. S. For heavens sake, my dear Emily, do not let Julia put pen to paper; surely you will think me distracted to have made such a request, tell her I intreat she will not. I will implicitly believe whatever you write; do not let me have to arraign myself for her life, as I have for advising her to go to the Masquerade.

Once more adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

The MARQUISS of GUILFORD to Sir CHARLES

WILMOT.

Dear Charles,

London.

I THIS day experienced more anguish of mind, and real happiness than ever I did in my life, you will say I deal in riddles, but it is a truth, which I'll explain to you.

I acquainted you in my last that I was under a necessity of leaving town, at a time my inclination led me to stay, as I wished to be at the masquerade, to have an eye to Miss St. Leger; but that affair between my friend Co-

lonel Fitzroy and Stanhope, obliged me to go into Kent. I had the good fortune to settle the business amicably, to the satisfaction of both parties; as soon as it was concluded, I resisted all their intreaties to stay, tho' I knew it was impossible to gain London time enough to go to the Masquerade, yet I was determined to try it. You may laugh, but upon my honour I felt an impulse that urged me to attempt it.

I set out from Dover after dinner, having provided relays of horses. The journey was pleasant, as Cynthia was in all her glory; tired at last with contemplating her beauties; I resigned myself to Morpheus, but was soon roused by a great crash of glass, and a dreadful screaming of a female voice, that soon ceased; on putting down the window, I saw a chaise and four driving up the road in full gallop. I desired my fellows to stop them and was resolved not to let them proceed till I was informed what had occasioned the noise which had alarmed me. My postillion did it effectually, by running his carriage across the road; When I jumped out a pistol was fired, but it did not deter me from advancing to the chaise; just as I got up to it, another was discharged, but did no mischief. And when I opened the door, a man leaped out of the opposite side, and made across the fields. I had not presence of mind to order him to be pursued.

purfued, my attention was fo entirely occupied by the lady who lay at the bottom of the carriage. I fupposed ſhe had fainted, and when we raifed her, continued infenfible.

I did not know what to do, till Albert ſaid we had juſt paſſed a houſe, and that the ladd might there get aſſiſtance. I approved his advice, and brought her to the houſe or rather hovel; but Wilmot! I want language to deſcribe my feelings when I ſaw Julia bleeding, and to all appearance dead. For a moment I ceaſed to think, but when recollection returned, I thought I ſhould have gone diſtracted. The poor people ſuppoſed I was really mad, and I make no doubt but I exhibited ſtrong proofs of insanity, for the ſhock was too powerfull to ſuſtain with compoſure.— Every thing was done for her recovery, but it was a long time before ſhe diſcovered any ſigns of life; ſhe at laſt opened her lovely eyes and fixed them on me—ſhe ſighed heavily and cloſed them again, I thought for ever; as ſhe ſo long continued in a ſtate of infenſibility. With difficulty we again recovered her, and then her gratitude to me for her deliverance was unbounded. Albert dreſſed her arm, as he is part of a ſurgeon—ſhe cut it by breaking the glaſs to alarm us. When ſhe was a little compoſed, I propoſed our going to the next inn, as the houſe did not afford the ſmalleſt reſreſhment for her but milk and

water. She said she found herself sufficiently recovered to return home immediately, which she anxiously wished, to relieve Lady Seymour of the apprehension she must be under for her safety.

I put her into the chaise and supported her in my arms. Heavens! Wilmot! what sensations I experienced whilst I pressed her to my beating bosom. She soon recollected herself and withdrew from me. I felt hurt at her reserve, and expressed myself in a manner that shewed I was, and remained silent for some time. At last I raised my eyes to her's which I found suffused with tears. How unfortunate, I exclaimed, am I, to be the object of Miss St. Leger's aversion! else why would you refuse me the happiness of assisting you, when you so much stand in need of it? Ah! my Lord, replied the lovely girl blushing, why should you imagine I hate you? Heaven knows I do not!—there was no occasion to say more; her look, her manner, all flashed conviction on my delighted senses. I fell on my knees, I pressed her hand to my lips—I was all rapture, hardly could I restrain my transports within proper bounds, till Julia recalled me to reason, by reminding me of our situation. She has promised me never to be another's, but refuses to be mine without my father's approbation.

Congratulate me, however, dear Charles,

ON

on the discovery of my Julia's affections, but if his Grace denies his consent, I am not the nearer to the attainment of my wishes, as I am convinced Julia will never listen to me without it. To call her mine is the ultimate of my desires, and if he proves unfavourable to my wishes, misery will be the portion of your unhappy friend.

But I will not anticipate misfortunes; and will hope the best, as I know her Grace and my aunt Seymour will use their influence, as my lovely mistress is a favourite with both. Perhaps Lady Seymour's money will soften my father's heart,—no matter what the object is so she has a sufficient quantity of that; it does away, in his mind, all imperfections.

I cannot find out or guess who the villain is that carried off my Julia—I am convinced she knows but denies it, lest I should call him to an account—I would give a thousand pounds to know. If Miss Waldergrave is acquainted with it she may inform you—and let me know by return of the post—for although I have arrived at such supreme felicity through his means, I cannot forgive him the condition he reduced the gentle girl to—I know not who to fix my suspicions on. The Duke of Surrey is perpetually at her elbow, but at present I entertain no fears on his account.

Let me hear from you soon—I can hardly hold my pen, I am so fatigued; but I could not think of going to rest till I informed you of the transactions of this day.

Adieu,

And am, only for the picture

Your happy friend,

GUILFORD.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

Miss St. LEGER to Miss CECILIA WALDER-

GRAVE.

Upper Grosvenor-Street.

I did not want this last proof of my Cecilia's affection, to endear her to my heart; that heart of which you hold the largest share. I am apprehensive your too great anxiety on my account, and the fatigue you must have experienced in Mrs. Waldergrave's illness, may prove prejudicial to your health;—be careful of it, my Cecilia, for the happiness

E 5 of

of many depends on you. Emily is delighted with you ; she laughed immoderately at your fears of a locked jaw, and your violent attack on poor Sir Charles ! For shame, Cecilia, how could you behave so to him ? Surely he was not to blame. Do you know by way of punishment, I have a great mind not to write my adventures—horrid, my Cecilia, they were to me !—my blood stagnates when I reflect on the dreadful fate that was allotted for me, had not providence interposed and sent Lord Guilford to my deliverance. Emily gave you an account down to my leaving the Pantheon, but no pen can tell what I felt when I found myself surrounded by a croud of men fighting ;—Colonel Walpole requested me not to be frightened, and told me he had mistaken the door, and we must return back again : that was impossible, as the riot seemed to increase ; for heaven's sake, said I, is there no other way but that ? Why, replied he, you cannot walk through the streets, and I do not see a chair. There was a post chaise at the door, and the Colonel asked who it belonged to—the servant replied to Miss Beverly, —permit me, Miss St. Leger, to hand you into it, for you will certainly take cold, and we will excuse the man to his mistress.

I hesitated, but the cry of murder left me without the power of resistance. He lifted me into the chaise almost lifeless, and stepped
into

into it himself: the man drove off at a great rate, and for a long time I was insensible to my situation. I was at last roused by the sight of trees, (for it was bright moon light) and asked the Colonel where we were, for the man had certainly mistaken his way. He answered no; but that he had taken a round to avoid the crowd. I was dreadfully alarmed, and still persisted he was going wrong, by the long time we were in the carriage. I went to let down the window, but judge my terror when I found it fastened. Pray, Colonel Walpole, speak to the man, for I am convinced he has lost his way, for this is a country road, for I can see no appearance of houses. He hesitated, but at last said, (in a voice I did not know) I hope, madam, you have no objection to the country? For a moment I ceased to respire—every pulse stopt, and only I was roused by his attempting to assist me, I should have, I believe, continued in a state of insensibility. Fortunately, I had a large bottle of lavender water in my pocket which I took out, and poured on my face and neck which revived me, and I then collected all the resolution I was mistress of, to ask him who he was? He replied, one who had the greatest respect for me, and was sorry to do any thing to distress me; he hoped I would not be offended with him for what he had done, since his future welfare depended upon his success

success in carrying me off. He then pulled off his masque, and to my utter astonishment I discovered, George, Lord Orford's man. At sight of him, a thousand ideas crowded into my mind; I asked who had employed him, and in what respect his committing such an outrage, could contribute to his happiness; and told him if he would return me to my friends, he should have a reward above his most sanguine expectations. He answered, all I could offer, would not do, as he was not so great a fool to take up with promises, when he had five thousand pounds on parchment, but lest you should have any doubt of the truth of what I say, I will venture to let you see it;—it will serve to amuse you when you will have light to read it. As to my employer, it is Lady Carolina Newbourg, who owes you a grudge on the Marquis of Guilford's account, with whom she is deeply in love—she is a bad woman, continued he, but she pays like a princess.

I again strove to prevail, by offering six thousand, but would not do, as it was not on stamp paper; no one, said he, can blame a poor young fellow like me, to accept of such an offer to make his fortune, and to secure it when I have got it in possession. Your friends, Miss St. Leger, would never let you keep your promise; it was in vain I assured him, no consideration on earth should make
me

me break it. For indeed, Cecilia, I would have kept my word, and have depended on providence for my future settlement.

He said, he was weary, and with my leave would take a nap, (I suppose to get rid of my solicitations) I told him he had it, but first wished to know where I was going. He said he was to make the first sea port, and then to France. You will see my instructions in that paper; I expect fresh horses every moment, and a proper dress for you. He then rolled himself up in his Domino, and went to sleep; figure to yourself, my Cecilia, the reflections I had, all was horror, all was distraction, I wept aloud, I prayed fervently to God to deliver me from the hands of my enemies; in the midst of my distraction, the noise of horses assailed my ears, yet I was afraid they were those he talked of. However I strove to prepare myself, in case it was not, to beg assistance; the window I could not let down, and I was afraid of awaking my companion; there was no time for deliberating, as I heard plainly the rattling of a carriage, I took my handkerchief, and rolled it about my hand and arm, and just as I saw the shadow of the horses, I drove my hand with all the force I was mistress off thro' the glass. I screamed, and fainted, for what happened after, I was an utter stranger to; when I came to myself, I found I was in a house,
and

and supported in the arms of Lord Guilford. Surprise and joy had like to have proved fatal to me, as a succession of faintings was the consequence; it was a long time before I came to myself, and a longer time before they could convince me that my deliverance was real, and not illusion.

Lord Guilford's Swiss, dressed my arm, which was dreadfully cut, never did you see so terrifying a spectacle, my white dress entirely over blood, my hair about my shoulders; in short, I was a figure to inspire any one with terror.

When I was a little composed, the Marquiss proposed our going home, as the house we were in was so wretched, as not to afford even tea. I got some milk and water, which refreshed me a great deal; I asked where the man was, that was with me, my fellows let him escape, replied the Marquiss; but pray Miss St. Leger, who was he? and how came you in so disagreeable a situation? The recollection of which threw me into such a tremor, as rendered me incapable of answering: he begged me to be composed, and not to think of it, in a while after, we set out on our return home.

The Marquis was all tenderness, he supported me in his arms, for I was so faint from loss of blood, and agitation of spirits, that I was unable to sit up; and indeed, Cecilia, I did

did not think there was safety out of them ; but at last, I attempted to raise myself, he pressed me tenderly to his bosom, why, my dearest Miss St. Leger, said he, why will you not permit me to be the smallest assistance to you ? I told him I found myself much better and thanked him for all the trouble he had with me. He let me go, and with a sigh that seemed to rend his heart, said, would it was in my power to render myself less obnoxious to you, surely you must hate me, or you would let me enjoy the satisfaction of assisting you, when you stand so much in need of it. He seemed hurt, and continued silent for sometime, I was very much affected, and at last burst into tears. He seized my hands, and fell on his knees ; I knew not well what he said, but I believe it was a declaration of his sentiments, which, tho' I wished, I dreaded to hear.

I do not upon my honour, know what answer I made, but I imagine it was no way discouraging, for he was all rapture. I entreated he would rise, for fear the servants would observe us ; I am very sorry, my Cecilia, he has availed himself of this opportunity, as my heart was unusually softened. I was unprepared to resist his soft persuasive eloquence ; and the service he had just rendered me, put all my wise resolves to flight ; I will avoid him as much as possible, tho' I have promised him
never

never to be another's. Do not arraign me, my Cecilia, I could not help it; but I will not be his without his father's approbation. Emily told you, how Lady Seymour received me; never can I forget her tenderness, she is miserable, when I am out of her sight. I have not summoned courage to tell her of Lord Guilford's avowal of a passion, which I am sure she has long suspected; I tremble at the bare idea of her being displeased with me.

I have prevented my Lord, from acquainting her with it; as I would rather she heard it from myself. I shall seize the first opportunity, at present her mornings are taken up with her lawyers, her evenings with company. What will become of me, if she should be disobliged, when I tell her what has passed between Lord Guilford and me. Ah! my Cecilia, that you were in town to teach me what to say? The Marquis seeks opportunities continually to speak to me; I as studiously strive to avoid him. His eyes upbraid me with cruelty—but I shall continue to do so till Lady Seymour is made acquainted with his passion.

The paper the man gave me, is a bond for five thousand pounds, to be paid him on my being put into a convent, and a strict charge to detain me there till he received an order from under her Ladyship's own hand to release me. I know not what story he was to tell

tell the Abbess for my confinement, but I suppose she had formed a plausible tale. Lady Seymour enclosed the bond to the Earl her father. He came to her Ladyship almost distracted.—I felt severely for him; he wept bitterly—we promised him it should not be made public, out of respect to him. Lord Orford's resentment, he said, against his sister, since the night of the Masquerade, was very great, and dreaded his coming to the knowledge of her conduct. We assured him he should never hear it, as we had not even told Lord Guilford. He respectfully thanked us for our consideration, and left us a little more composed than when he came in.

What good, my dear friend, would arise to me, from exposing her? She must suffer more punishment from her own feelings, than I wish her. My being rescued by the person on whose account she was guilty of so violent an outrage, must be worse than death to her—if I was fond of revenge, I think I had sufficient. We tell every one, that the person got off undiscovered—I am sure the Marquis does not believe us. I got the letter safe. Sedley had no part in this last plot. He has not attempted to speak to me since the Auction—the duke of Surry haunts me perpetually—I imagine he thinks I cannot resist his blazing star—I listen to him on common topics, as he keeps Lord Guilford at a distance, at whom I perceive

perceive he darts hostile glances. When he grows particular I leave him; and the Marquis does not fare the worse for the other's temerity.

Lord Orford has again spoke to me on the old subject. Believe me, Cecilia, I was very much distressed to be under the disagreeable necessity of again refusing him—it really pained my heart, for he is so very amiable. He saw me affected, and thanked me for the compassion that he said was visible in my countenance—he assured me, he would never more mention his unfortunate passion, but begged I would not refuse him my friendship, which it should be his study to deserve.— That I could not deny him, for he is in full possession of my esteem.

I believe I have tired you with my long narrative. My best compliments and wishes to Sir Charles—it would be tautology to repeat the same to you, as you well know how affectionately I am, dear Cecilia, ever your

JULIA ST. LEGER.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

Sir CHARLES WILMOT to the Marquiss of

GUILFORD.

Morpeth-Hall.

My dear Guilford,

I REJOICE that you are at last in the right road towards the attainment of your wishes, and are now convinced you have been your own enemy, all this while, by your extraordinary timidity. Young, gay, handsome and polite; with the resistless addition of my Lord Duke in reversion; it was unnatural to doubt your success. I always told you I thought you had planned your battery on a very singular

gular construction, and deserved pity as much as any swain that ever sighed in the region of romance; but I hope you will now make amends by enjoying your present felicity, to the utmost extent of rapture: nor let any crotchets enter your brain to destroy your present happiness? take my advice and be happy.

I am quite ashamed of the conclusion of your last letter, so will take no notice of it. Your Julia is a charming girl, there is certainly something divine in her composition, or she would have kept you in suspense a little longer, for the many uneasy moments you have caused her, by your unaccountable silence, you have suffered your hours to languish in doubt and anxiety; without making the smallest effort to remove them; I flatter myself, your Lordship will have the justice to acknowledge if you had followed my advice you would have experienced some pleasurable moments.

I have as strong a desire as you, to know who the doughty hero was, that made the bold attempt to carry off your Goddess; tho' I am concerned exceedingly, for what Miss St. Leger suffered; I cannot help thinking he is intitled to your best thanks, for upon my soul, I verily believe, you would never have come to an eclaircissement, if it had not been for that adventure. I made use of all the rhetoric

toric I was master of, to induce Miss Waldergrave to inform me, but she is true to the trust reposed in her, and is not to be intreated.

A propos, Guilford, I have at last to my own astonishment got into the labyrinth of folly? A situation I was once certain I should never be in, and what will surprise you, am not displeased with my entanglement. My dulcinea is the most agreeable little gipsy, that ever tormented the heart of any poor fellow. She pleases and displeases in a moment, there is a constant variety in her, but with all the appearance of levity; she abounds with the most tender sensibility, and refined sentiments. She absolutely seriously quarrelled with me, for the misfortune that happened her Julia, she said I could have prevented it, by remaining in town, I cannot tell you what she said, but her concessions, when she would listen to reason, made ample amends; I do not know when I shall be able to prevail on her to compleat my happiness, she is deaf to all that can be said on that subject.

Mrs. Waldergrave talks of going to town next week, tho' I would be glad they would remain where they are, for certainly I would stand a better chance to prevail here, than
in

94 SEYMOUR CASTLE.

in London; the only inducement I have to wish to go there, is to congratulate you in person, on your good fortune. Adieu,

Your's with sincerity,

CHARLES WILMOT.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

*Miss WALDERGRAVE to Miss St. LEGER.**Morpeth-Hall.*

ACCEPT, my dearest Julia, a thousand sincere congratulations, on your happy deliverance, now things are as they should be, nothing but such an adventure, would have unsealed the lips of your silent knight. Oh! unfortunate Lady Caroline, what demon did you invoke to assist you, in your last plot against the liberty of the beauteous St. Leger, never place confidence in it again, for it has deceived you, and brought those together, which nothing but such an effort of genius could accomplish. I tell you, Julia, your guardian angel is not unmindful of his charge, as you in a fit of ingratitude upbraided him
with

with, in one of your letters to me, or else Lady Carolina would have settled the affair much better; and instead of a sorry post chaise, would have substituted in its place an Air Balloon:—had you taken flight in an Ærial Chariot there would not be the least danger of a rescue—unfortunate woman! that did not call philosophy to her aid! But jesting apart, I am seriously angry with you.

The poor Marquis has but just found the use of his tongue; and now you are so inhuman as to lay a tax on it—but you are an apt scholar and are perfectly conversant in the language of the eyes. Now, I think, you would do better to hear him speak plain English by way of variety;—indeed, my sweet friend, you are an arrant coquette—the train of admirers you have, has totally destroyed your principles—you do not spare your bosom friend, but have seized the constant Melvin, who says he lives but in your presence. Pray, don't you blush at such a breach of friendship; but I will rise superior to my sex, and give him up without a murmur.

I would have you, by all means, tell Lady Seymour, as I am certain it will give her pleasure; I am almost convinced she had set her heart on its being a match. The Duke, I flatter myself, will make no objection, as you will be approved by the females of his family
if

if he should with-hold his consent, the Marquis is independent. I live, however, in the pleasing expectation that every thing will turn out as you would wish it; and that my dearest Julia will have no alloy to her present happiness.

Poor Walpole is here, but the most altered man I ever saw—his vivacity quite extinguished—he seems dead to all amusements—when you happen to be the subject of conversation, a gleam of pleasure lightens up his really handsome face. I do think, Julia, he stands a chance of dying for love: if he does, with what eclat you will appear in public. If Sir Charles would oblige me with such a proof of his passion, I would idolize his memory: but no such danger attends his love—my charms are not sufficient to raise such a flame, they only scorch; but yours consume. I advised him the other day, to take Walpole for his pattern, but he begged to be excused—The man seems perfectly well satisfied, that he stands well in my esteem: to be sure he is now and then rather impatient, but when he betrays any of it, I propose his trying his fortune with Lady Carolina.——*Apropos!* I had like to forget to tell you, what an escape I have had: it is true, a convent did not stare me in the face, but it was the same in the end—a design against my liberty—but

VOL. II. F you

you shall hear, and I expect you will rejoice with me, and approve my conduct.

My mother, who is quite recovered, was sitting in the library with Lord Morpeth, with whom, by the way, she is carrying on a strong flirtation. I popped in on them, but would have prudently withdrawn, (in such a case I always do as I would be done by). The old gentleman requested I would come in as he wanted to speak to me, to ask my consent.—Thought I, you may be assured, I did not mean to disappoint the old soul, as I should have no objection to him for a papa. Come here, my little girl, said he, I have a new year's gift for you, which you will, I hope, accept, and wear for my sake. He then hobbled to his cabinet and produced a diamond necklace and ear-rings of the finest water I ever saw, with a miniature of Sir Charles elegantly ornamented. I admired them very much ; but my Lord, said I, are these a free gift ; are there no etcetera's annexed to them. He smiled and patted my cheek. No, said he, my sweet girl, but I wish I could prevail on you to favour poor Charles, and limit his probation, that we may know when all our happiness will commence. I would not urge you, continued he, but Charles is a very deserving boy. Do, my dear Cecilia, said my mother, taking up the cause, do let me have it to say, one of my children contributed to my happiness, and let me

me add to your own, as I am sure, Sir Charles is far from being indifferent to you.

Only for the last part of her speech I certainly was undone, for I found an unusual weakness play about my heart, and I had a great mind to be foolish, but the conclusion of her address, cured me of all palpitations. Just as she ceased to speak, Sir Charles entered. What are you about, good people, asked he, I flatter myself, this conjunction bodes me some good. You are ruined, Cecilia, (whispered something in my ear) if you stay; I took my monitor's advice, and as he came in at one door, I whisked out at the other, to their great disappointment, as well as astonishment; for I am certain, they were perfectly well assured in their own mind, that I should have been silly enough to have given a free consent to whatever they at that moment, in their great wisdom, would propose; but Hudibras coming into my head at that instant, followed his sage council, and live to fight another day. When I gained my dressing-room, I threw myself on a sofa and gave way to a violent fit of laughter, at the groupe I had left behind me. Jenny really imagined I was in hystericks.

When I had recovered, I retired to write to you:—I did not go amongst them till I was summoned to dinner—the company were all assembled; my lord behaved as usual; Sir

Charles led me to my chair, and in a whisper upbraided me with cruelty. I smiled, and promised to behave better in future—my mother looked majestic, her chin double its natural size. When she was obliged to speak to me, it was, "Miss Waldergrave," in such a tone, as denoted her displeasure. If she had not unwisely mentioned "obliging myself by accepting Sir Charles," I am much afraid I should have been persuaded to have gratified them at the expence of my liberty.

I have locked up the baubles, for I am determined not to wear them; how do I know what cabalistical words they were set to.—Let me hear that you and the Marquis have settled matters properly, then I will adorn myself with them, nor dread the effect they may have on the freedom of your

CECILIA WALDERGRAVE.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Miss St. LEGER to Miss CECILIA WALDER-

GRAVE.

Upper Grosvenor-street.

WOULD to God, my dearest Cecilia, you were come to town, that I might weep my sorrows in your friendly bosom; but am I not ungrateful to the best of women, and to the amiable Emily? I confess I am ashamed to own my weakness to them, and strive to hide my uneasiness under the masque of cheerfulness; to you, my friend, all the imperfections of your Julia are known, you will cast a veil between your reason and them, and pity a heart rent by contending passions. Yes, Cecilia,

cilia, I will confess my weakness to you with all sincerity. In vain they give the name of prudence to dissimulation; are not the tortures my feelings are continually suffering by keeping a guard on my conduct, sufficient, without having the passions of the Marquiss to combat with? But I write as if you were already acquainted with what has happened, tho' perhaps you'll laugh and say, I conjure up phantoms to destroy my peace; but, my dear Cecilia, when my happiness is depending on the will of others, how can I be free from inquietude?

According to your advice, I was determined the first opportunity I had, to acquaint Lady Seymour with my situation with regard to the Marquiss, but she has been so much engaged, that it was impossible. The Marquiss is dissatisfied, and seems to think, I wish to delay speaking to her: he has avoided me for some days past, and gives way to the Duke of Surry, who is become exceedingly troublesome. This morning Lady Seymour and Emily were out, the Marquiss came and requested to speak to me, I excused myself from seeing him, but I suppose he suspected what my answer would be, for he entered the room before the servant left it. He apologized for intruding on my retirement, but wished to speak a few words to me before he quit my presence for ever, for nothing but a dislike to him,

him, could cause my preventing him from speaking to his aunt, as he well knew she would befriend him; and did not doubt, but through her he would obtain his father's approbation; but all these fairy dreams, continued he, are vanished---you were softened when you listened to the effusions of a sincere and ardent passion, and your humanity gave way to it, and made me, as I thought, supremely happy, for loving you with a passion as delicate as it is tender. I flattered myself, I should inspire you with the like, but you too soon damped my aspiring hopes. Do not be impatient, Miss St. Leger, (seeing me about to speak) this is the last importunity you will receive from me; little did I think, in the dawn of my attachment, what a train of ills I was preparing for myself. The sensibility of your disposition, makes you, I see, affected by my sufferings, (for I could not repress the rising tear) I fear, however to augment your distress, and am more unhappy on that account, than flattered with the hope it might occasion, for if I know myself, your happiness is far dearer to me, than my own. Be assured, my lovely Julia, continued he, clasping his hands, if it were possible for you to feel the intolerable anguish of my soul, you would tremble at the misery you have caused; but there is no remedy; my despair whispers, that nothing but the cold tomb will extinguish

the raging fire in my breast; be it so, he that cannot command felicity, may, at least deserve it.

Here his voice failed and he appeared dreadfully agitated. I was unable to speak I was so much affected. He recovered himself and proceeded:

It is time, Miss St. Leger, that I should restore you to that repose, which I have lost for ever, and of which you are deprived by my presence; but Oh! Julia, whilst the life blood flows round my heart, its softest sensations will tend to you—may the happy original of your favourite picture be as sensible of your perfections as the unfortunate Guilford. He turned from me, and walked towards the window to hide his too great sensibility.—When he was a little composed, he apologized for distressing me in such a manner, and took my hand which he pressed to his bosom. You would have pitied me, Cecilia, if you had seen the situation I was reduced to—I saw he was unhappy about the picture but to confess whose it was, I could not summon resolution nor confidence sufficient to do——Never was there so great a conflict between inclination to ease his mind, and delicacy in exposing my own weakness. I coloured and was ready to faint. He saw my embarrassment, and grew almost frantic. I said all I could to sooth him. Ah! Julia, said he,

he, if it was to your tenderness, and not to your compassion I owed this attention, how blessed it would make me, but it is my misfortune that you are cold and insensible to the passion that consumes me. I did not imagine your Lordship, replied I, would, after what has passed, have doubted my esteem; I did not attempt to disguise the sentiments with which you had inspired me, nor do I think I merit being reproached with wanting a sensible heart—it has at least been so since I saw you.

He threw himself at my feet, and his transports of joy were more ungovernable than his despair. In return for my candour, resumed I, I ask one favour of you, not to request any more private interviews until you have seen your father, and that we have the sanction of Lady Seymour. He hesitated. Tell me, Miss St. Leger, if his Grace denies his consent from a desire I should sacrifice myself at the altar of avarice, what is your determination? To submit to our destiny, replied I, for no persuasion will ever make me swerve from the resolution I have taken, not to be yours without his approbation—I would have no self reproach accompany me to the altar. I am almost convinced, said he, you are so great a favourite with him, that he will with pleasure receive you as his daughter, without it will be to punish me for rejecting Lady Ca-

rolina; but as he is now reconciled to me, perhaps he will think no more of that;—should he be so cruel, continued he with a sigh, you doom me to certain misery—I cannot expect you will wait his relenting—my soul is harrowed with the idea. Julia, said he, with a tremulous voice, you must promise not to be offended at what I am going to say; it would, I am certain, displease one not so compassionate as you, but you will forgive my temerity and impute it to the real cause. The picture—need I say more?

Indeed, Cecilia, I was hardly able to respire, I held my handkerchief to my face. Since, said he, removing the handkerchief and kissing my hand, the request distresses you, I will think no more of it, and intreat your pardon for presuming on your goodness. I have a thousand things to say in favour of my crime, said he smiling, but I will not strive to extenuate my fault—will you give me your hand in token of your being perfectly reconciled, and that you forgive and forget all my inconsistencies? I held out my hand, he pressed it with rapture to his lips, and said, he took it as a pledge of his future happiness. However, I saw the picture dwelt on his mind—I did not know how to acknowledge it, but I could not bear to let him any longer think, I had ever harboured a secret liking for any one except himself; my delicacy was hurt, he might

might imagine I was of a fickle disposition—prone to change, and he might love me against his better judgment. All these reasons determined me to conquer the scruples I had, and give him the unfortunate subject of our mutual uneasiness: these reflections made me serious—he was apprehensive I was displeased, but I told him I was considering his request about the picture. Your lordship, said I, may be perfectly easy on account of it, for it is only I that have a right to be distressed by it;—I will give it to you, and you will then see who has suffered most, but you must promise that you will not look at it, until you leave the house; indeed I fear it will lessen me in your esteem, but it is proper I should be punished for my indiscretion.

He refused to take it, and said he would not gratify his curiosity, if it gave me a moment's uneasiness, tho' at the same time his eyes seemed as if they would pierce the case that enclosed it. His tongue and hand were at variance, for the latter was ready to receive it, when I gave it with a trembling hand. He soon after took his leave, and I remained for some time in a state of stupefaction: my senses were so overpowered with what had passed, at last I was roused with the idea of conversing, tho' at this distance, with my beloved friend, and thought it would relieve my mind to tell you of its sufferings, for though I am beloved by
 Lord

Lord Guilford, the possibility that Lady Seymour will disapprove of our attachment, and the almost certainty that the Duke of Leicester will withhold his consent, are fears that powerfully operate on your distressed Julia. The bare idea of incurring Lady Seymour's displeasure, affects me more than I can express—I really think I could not survive the loss of her esteem. If she wished me to be Lord Guilford's, why desire I should receive the visits of Surry? I know not what to think, I know not what I write; the uncertainty I am under is worse than death.

We are to have a ball to night; cheerfulness oppresses me in the state I am now in, and I blush when I think what confusion Lord Guilford's presence will occasion me. Now I have had time to reflect, I wish I had concealed the picture, yet why should I be ashamed of being sensible of the perfections of so amiable a man. Ah! my Cecilia, I would fain assume an assurance I have not courage to support—how much do I regret your absence—what happiness would it give me, could I convey you here this night, your presence would support my drooping spirits, and teach me how to act; but I must be satisfied and let things take their course. This goes by Sir Charles Wilmot's servant, to whom, I request you'll make my compliments acceptable. I shall

shall write by to-morrow's post the occurrences of this night, and must now unwillingly resign myself to the disagreeable task of preparing for it.

Farewell, and pity your

JULIA St. LEGER.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Dear Cecilia,

WHAT a mutable being is your Julia! how different in the disposition of my mind since I wrote to you this morning; the depression I then laboured under is like a mist dispelled; the sunshine of happiness now beams on me, and though tired with the fatigues of the toilet and the vicissitudes my spirits have undergone, I could not enjoy my present felicity, without communicating it to my dearest friend.

Just

Just as I had dispatched my letter to you, Lady Seymour returned and sent for me. Oh! Cecilia, she is the best, the most generous of women; I am overpowered, I sink beneath the weight of obligations I am under to her; but I will tell you the particulars, and you will then join in believing, were I to live a century, I could not return an adequate share of gratitude for her unbounded goodness to me.

The instant I entered the room, she met me with a smile of benignity: Come, my Julia, said she, and with me joy that every thing is settled this day to my satisfaction, as far as it lay in my power, and I want to acquaint you how I have disposed of my worldly affairs; I bowed, and she proceeded.—The Duke my grandfather, left me two thousand pounds a year, and the settlements for younger children were forty thousand pounds, which devolved to me as there was but my brother and me. I was obliged to marry Lord Seymour who was a near relation of our families, on account of his fortune, although my own was so very large, and I unwillingly sacrificed my affections and happiness to sordid interest, at a time I was betrothed to Lord Lenox, a young nobleman of the most amiable character; I was forced to break my vow, which by right, no earthly consideration should make me do, but a timidity in my disposition would
not

not permit me to contradict my parents, who on account of the large settlements, were deaf to all entreaties. My jointure was six thousand pounds per annum. besides my own fortune which was to be at my own disposal. I was three months married before I saw the object of my early affections; his were not weakened by my apparent infidelity. He came to take his leave of me, as he was going to reside abroad for life. My own woman who was in his interest, admitted him without my knowledge, to my dressing room, I was sensible of the impropriety of his being there, but could not feign a displeasure I did not feel, and though I was much affected by the distress he was visibly in, my prudence suggested to me that he should immediately leave me, which request, with reluctance, he was going to comply with; he had hold of my hand bidding me farewell for ever; we were both dissolved in tears, when the door was flung open, and Lord Seymour entered with his face flaming with rage; he flew out in such a manner as almost petrified me; attacked my character, and called me such opprobrious names, as you would think no gentleman could make use of.

My lover roused by his language, endeavoured to vindicate me, and clear up to him the cause of his being there, but passion had usurped the seat of reason, and he was insensible

sible to all he said. He loaded Lord Lenox with the greatest abuse, which he listened to with the utmost mildness; but when Lord Seymour said I must quit his house for he would not harbour a common prostitute, he forgot all prudence, he flung himself at my feet and entreated me to fly from my persecutor. Lord Seymour grew outrageous—he drew his sword and called on Lord Lenox to defend himself. Hurried on by passion he did not give him leave to do so, when he made a pass and lodged the sword in the amiable youth's body. I fainted, and was three weeks before I came to my recollection,

Gracious God ! exclaimed this angelic woman, I thank you that you gave me fortitude to bear up under thy chastening hand, and that you restored my reason. It was a severe trial, my Julia. Poor Lenox in that time fell a sacrifice to an unfortunate passion, and lost his life by an act of imprudence. He cleared me to my husband and him to his friends; he said he had already caused me too much affliction, and could not think of having Lord Seymour prosecuted. He, however, stood his trial, and was honourably acquitted, as often happens in such cases.

I was for a long time before I could be reconciled to him. He lived but two years after, when he left a large addition to my jointure, as a recompense, he said, for what he
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had made me suffer. Your mother was my dearest friend, she softened all my sufferings, and soothed my tortured mind, but when she married, I thought I had lost every thing in this world worth living for, my little daughter being then too young to afford me any consolation; but she soon caught and fixed my attention, and for fifteen years I enjoyed unspeakable felicity in the society of my Julia, and corresponding with your mother, we had fixed a plan, if you had proved a boy, and that you and Julia liked each other, to cement our affection by your union; but it pleased God for my future comfort, to make you what you are; so you see my love, you were my child by adoption before you came into the world. I am mistress of twelve thousand pounds a year, besides a large sum in the funds. The manor of Seymour Castle, I have left to the Marquis; it brings in clear eight thousand pounds a year; to Lady Selina and Emily ten thousand pounds each, to you, my dearest child, I leave the same sum with my estate in Berkshire, valued at four thousand pounds a year. Do not interrupt me, my dear, seeing me about to speak, it was the wish of my heart my estates should not be separated; Lord Guilford, I am sure, is not insensible to your merit, but I am apprehensive he has some entanglement abroad, that he cannot break with honour.

I could

I could be silent no longer, I told her all as well as my confusion would let me.—
 When I had done, I threw myself on my knees and requested her forgiveness. She raised me to her arms, and gently chid me for doubting her approbation; as for my brother, said she, he is violent, but he has sensibility, and nature will assert her right over his heart. He cannot, I think, see his only son unhappy, but if he with-holds his consent to ally him to so much merit, I shall disclaim all relationship with him, as his family would receive an addition to it, that would do honour to royalty—(forgive me, Cecilia, for repeating what the dear partial woman said) but my dear child, said she, I am not pleased at the promise you have made not to give your hand to the Marquis without his father's approbation. Nothing but an ill placed resentment, can make him refuse it, and that is a passion should not be gratified. Think not I would countenance disobedience in children—far be that thought from me, but I have been a severe sufferer by an unlimited acquiescence, when I was convinced I was guilty of perjury, in solemnly promising what was not in my power to perform; but we will strive, continued she smiling, to remove this phantom, for such, I hope, it will prove. Go, my dear, and let me see you to advantage to night, resume your wonted vivacity, and make a perfect

fect conquest of my brother—you know he is deeply smitten already. She kissed my cheek, and I was going to leave the room when the Marquis entered—the glow of his face and the animation of his eyes, sunk me into confusion—I strove to hurry out of the room, but Lady Seymour cried, Julia, my love, stay for a moment. He caught my hand which he tenderly pressed, and led me to a chair. Pray, my Lord, said she, may I ask what brought you here at this hour? He appeared confused and looked full at me, who coloured like scarlet. Why, my dear aunt, replied he, you know I did not see you to day. And your Lordship was so impatient, said she laughing, you could not wait till evening. Harry, Harry, you are a sad dissembler, I have told you so before.

My dearest aunt, I have dissembled to my own unhappiness, but if you'll interest yourself in my favour——Stop, said she, I have no interest at court. Ah! madam, cried he, you wilfully misunderstand me, it is with Julia—I intreat you will use your influence.—He seized my hand—make her but mine, and you may dispose of me as you please. I strove to disengage it from him; Lady Seymour took it, with a solemnity in her manner, Julia, said she, I would not wish you his, but that I think he is deserving—I may be partial, but there are few better; my best hopes are found-
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ed on your union, and the pleasure I anticipate in witnessing your happiness. Take her, Harry, and with her my blessing, she has long been the darling daughter of my affections, love her as she merits, and banish every apprehension that oppresses her. She then embraced me, and presented me to the Marquis—this is a sight, continued she, my heart has long desired.

The Marquis was pouring forth his thanks when Emily came running into the room; he dropped my hand. Oh! for heavens sake, my Lord, take her hand again and finish your speech—declamation has a wonderful effect on your complexion—sure, Julia, turning to me, I did not allude to you—why you are as pale as a regimental coat, you do not colour in the least. I wish, said Lady Seymour, I could see that sign of grace in you.—Indeed, madam, replied Emily, I have often strove to acquire that sign, but all in vain, and Julia is so ill-natured, she will not give me the receipt; but will you tell me what you have been conjuring? Why, my sweet coz, replied the Marquis, we were casting your nativity. Oh! that's charming, cried she, tell me what my planet says, how many husbands am I to have? You are to die a maid, said he. Oh! horrible! what dreadful ideas you have raised, but I will do what I can, said she, to make that same planet a liar. Absolutely
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the girl is mad, said Lady Seymour; pray Emily, do you ever think? Not often, replied she, and that is the reason your Ladyship hears so many good things. What is that you are reading, Julia? (for I had taken up a book) as I live, Locke on Education, on my word you begin very soon to study to make the young ideas shoot; but I see I have discomposed you all, so good bye to you—Julia, it is time to dress, will you come?

I arose and went with her—she rallied me most unmercifully. When we got to my dressing-room, to put a stop to it, I told her what had passed, as I know her good nature will prevent her from distressing me, now she is made a confidant of. She told me, when I had done speaking, that it was no secret to her, she saw it plainly long before we left Seymour Castle. My sensations are not of the most agreeable kind, when I think my partiality was so visible.

I have still a number of palpitations; I am sure his Grace will think I have encroached on his property, and instead of it reconciling him, will have the contrary effect, but I will not prognosticate evils, I will hope the best. I know my Cecilia will feel for the misfortunes of the amiable Lady Seymour. Cruel parents! to destroy her early prospect of happiness;—yet how superior has she been, to what would have rendered miserable for life, the generality of
of

of her sex. How few women, possessed of her sensibility, but would have sunk under such uncommon tryals, and how much should we admire the goodness of Heaven, who has supported her; for that fortitude she possesses must be the immediate gift of the Almighty. What philosophy could stand before such complicated distress? I could for ever dwell on her perfections—but I hear the company assembling, and must conclude, nor can I answer your last letter, as I could wish to do, but, my sweet girl, I entreat you will have a little consideration for poor Sir Charles.—Emily calls me, so must bid my dearest friend adieu, and believe me in every situation unalterably yours.

JULIA St. LEGER.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

Miss WALDERGRAVE to Miss St. LEGER..

Dear Julia,

Morpeth-Hall.

NOT bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain
 &c." were ever more agreeable than your
 last delightful packet to your Cecilia. Why,
 child, I am quite intoxicated with pleasure.
 The good folks here are all in amaze at the
 sudden transition, for I was for some days
 quite devoured with ennui. The weather
 which prevents our travelling, had put me out
 of

of all patience, for to be immured here against one's inclination was insupportable; it really quite destroyed my temper, and your letter, brought by Sir Charles's servant, had nearly put to flight what little had remained of your poor Cecilia's spirits.

Sir Charles has no less reason to rejoice, for to be sure he had a dreadful time of it, as the only amusement I could strike out was quarrelling with him, even that did not produce the effect intended, for he is so insufferably good-humoured there is no discomposing him —— I happened on Thursday to be in tolerable spirits, there being some hopes of a thaw, which I do suppose had released some of my senses that were benumbed by the frost, but he took it as a proof of my approbation of him. You may be sure I took immediate care to set him right, and to my great surprise he put on a very serious face, talked of his sufferings, and said he flattered himself I would soon put a period to them. Amazed at his temerity, I cried out, In the name of curiosity what have I to do with you or your sufferings? Ah! my dear Cecilia, say not so, did you not promise to reward my constancy with this dear hand? Psha! said I, but that was when I talked nonsense, a mere whimsical fit, but I have considered the folly of it, and that has brought me back to common sense. But, replied he, sure you

VOL. II. G will

will not have the cruelty to destroy all the delightful plans I have formed in idea;—I only wanted your consent to realize them.—Oh! as for that it will give your invention exercise to repair them: I think you should be obliged to me, for giving you so agreeable a diversion: for my part, rather than be idle, I would build castles in the air—you may laugh, continued I, but they amuse the fancy, dissipate anxious thoughts, that only serve to torment, so, Sir Charles, I would have you try the recipe, I give it you without fee or reward. He declared he would pay me, and a struggle ensued. Upon my honour, I do not know who came off conqueror, for the post horn assailed my ears, more welcome than the finest concert they ever heard. Out I flew to meet the man, and received your letter with rapture. I retired to read it, but I could scarcely believe my eyes. I read it over and over with delight—may every happiness attend my Julia—may all your future days be crowned with felicity—may no mist nor cloud intervene between you and the sunshine of happiness; and may the amiable Lady Seymour live to see your children's children say amen to that prayer, Julia. Such a woman cannot live too long—who should murmur at the decrees of providence when she was afflicted. I esteem her more than ever—her misfortunes have displayed the good qualities of her heart in a
more

more conspicuous point of view, than had she been unacquainted with adversity. Her example should teach us how to act, if it should please Heaven to afflict us. What an ornament society would be deprived of, had she withdrawn herself from the world, to mourn over ills she could not redress. By remaining in it, she sets a pattern for every christian virtue which she daily practices. The recital of her melancholy story affected your giddy friend, and beguiled me of some tears—a poor tribute to such perfection: but recollecting them, sorrows were now all done away, and an unusual flow of spirits rushed in upon me, at the pleasing, the transporting idea, that my Julia's prospect of happiness fell little short of my wishes, and when I was called to tea, went with my eyes dancing with delight.

You have had pleasing news, Miss Waldergrave, said Lord Morpeth, were it not for Charles's sake, I would say you had heard from your beloved; and so I have, replied I, your Lordship is perfectly right.

Sir Charles came up to me—I have got a letter from Lord Guilford, said he, and for a small reward I will let you read it. How selfish you are, cried I, can't you let me see it for the sake of obliging me. Yes, Cecilia, said he, to oblige you is the first wish of my heart, there it is, wou'd to God you would follow the example of your angelical friend—he kissed

the letter and gave it to me. I tell you, Julia, if I was loved as the Marquis loves you, I would have done as foolishly as you have—such a letter—he is an enchanting fellow; but for all that, upon consideration and mature deliberation, you have acted unwise in shewing him the picture; why you can never attempt the least flirtation, and that is absolutely ceasing to exist: by that means you are become a mere family picture, only to be admired. You might as well have flourished a thousand years ago—to lose all the delightful nonsense, all the soft whispers and heart-rending sighs that assail our ears—upon my life; it was too much to sacrifice even to the Marquis.

The roads are still impassible, or I would be in town, and give you a little proper advice, but cannot attempt travelling. The poor post-boy was frozen to death, and accidents happen every hour. I shall watch the approach of the thaw with as much anxiety and expectation, as the inhabitants of Quebec do the river St. Lawrence. Poor Walpole has wrote to Sir Charles; he laments his unfortunate attachment in the most pathetic terms; I pity him from my soul, his love and his despair is evident in every line. He acknowledges in the most generous manner, the Marquis's superior merit, and says he is convinced he loves you with the most ardent passion.

passion. He should be unhappy, if the man you honoured with your love was unworthy of it; and says, he will feel his own disappointment less, by knowing you are happy. He intends going to Canada in spring, wishes for a war, as life, he says, is become a burthen to him.

You see, Julia, the effects of your charms, you must allow he is deserving a better fate. Lady Carolina Newbourg, he tells Wilmot, is certainly intriguing with Sedley. I wish he had her, for money would be of service to him, and her Ladyship would be brought to a sense of her errors, before a death-bed would open her eyes to her wickedness. I long to hear the Duke's determination: I will not entertain a doubt but it will be propitious to my dear Julia, whose happiness will ever be the sincere wish of her affectionate

CECILIA WALDERGRAVE.

G 3 LETTER

LETTER XXI.

*The MARQUESS of GUILFORD to Sir CHARLES**WILMOT.**Dear Charles,**London.*

AS you have hitherto listened patiently to the despair, doubts and fears, with all the dreadful etceteras annexed to the black catalogue of lover's woes, you must still practice that christian virtue, and hear the effusions of a man intoxicated with happiness. Yes, Wil-
mot

not, I have this day, quaffed largely of that cup, which my perverseness has so long kept me from tasting, and thereby endangered my peace, and what was far worse, that of one of the most amiable of the creation: but how I have arrived at such supreme felicity, it is impossible for me to tell you with the least precision at present, as the delirium is now too strong for recollection. You must be satisfied to know that Julia loves me—yes, Wilmot, with a passion as tender as my own. All anxious cares are banished from my breast—but you will ask, have I forgot the picture—that picture, Charles, which has given my poor heart many a confounded pang, is the exact resemblance of your happy friend, drawn by the lovely maid. I am absolutely inebriated with the idea, and am totally at a loss for language to express myself in. I cry out with the poet,

“ When bliss goes beyond a certain
“ bound.

“ Beyond is agony.”

Faith, Charles, it is a truth I have this day experienced. I have nothing now to fear but my father; for though he sees me, he has not cordially forgiven the disappointment he received, in not getting some of Lady Carolina's thousands. Julia is determined not to give
G 4 me

me her hand without his approbation—I dare not think he will with-hold it. My aunt intends speaking to him to-morrow. To night she gives a ball. I am doing what I can for a little composure, and to restrain my raptures within proper bounds. I have small hopes I shall succeed—nothing but the temper of a Stoic, Wilmot, could disguise the transports I feel at being beloved by Julia St. Leger. It is now near ten o'clock, and I have yet to dress; but I could not defer letting you partake of my present felicity, convinced you share in the griefs and joys of your sincere friend,

GUILFORD.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

*Miss SIDNEY to Miss WALDERGRAVE.**Upper Grosvenor-Street.**Dear Miss Waldergrave,*

I DO not know how to begin, but melancholy were the auspices under which our correspondence commenced, for I am now fated to inform you, our lovely friend lies dangerously ill. Her last letter conveyed to you an account which could not fail of giving you pleasure; as for my part, I never passed

so delightful a day—at night we had a superb ball and supper. Julia surpassed every thing you can imagine. The tender melancholy which for some time had taken possession of her features, was banished, and pleasure beamed from her lovely eyes. The Marquis wanted to engage her for the night—she refused, as she said it would look particular; but she promised him for the last set. Lord Orford asked her, and she consented: soon after the Duke of Surry came up to her as she was talking to the Marquis—am I too late, Miss St. Leger, or am I so fortunate, said he, to find you disengaged. I am engaged, my Lord, for the first and last set, replied Julia. I then may hope for the honour of your hand for the second. She had only time to bow her consent, when Lord Orford came to remind her it was time to join the dancers. Surry looked amazed, for I suppose he thought to see the Marquis lead her out—his brow cleared, but he did not dance till the second set.

I cannot describe the Marquis when he claimed Julia for his partner—love and joy sparkled in his fine expressive countenance, and that joy diffused itself into most of the company. The desire of pleasing, seemed to animate them as well as himself. Never did I see so perfect a couple, nor never did I see them to such advantage.

I ob-

I observed the surly Surry follow them with his eyes, and perceived him often bite his lips with vexation—I enjoyed his mortification, for he was never a favourite of mine; and I must confess, I did what I could at supper, to encrease his uneasiness. About four o'clock, Julia, Miss Beverly, the Marquis, Lord Orford and I retired to a room that was deserted by the company to cool ourselves; we had not been long seated, when Surry entered, his eyes blazing with resentment—I now see, said he, addressing the astonished Julia, for whom I am rejected, I have been blinded too long by duplicity; you do well Miss St. Leger, to prefer a dependant boy, to one that could place you on the pinnacle of greatness; but I will not, by Heavens! be duped any longer.

The Marquis started up, this is not language to bear, cried he, has not Miss St. Leger a free will—but this is not a proper place to discuss an argument, I will meet your Grace when and where you please to appoint, to request an explanation of what your Grace has advanced. I have Lady Seymour's promise, replied the Duke, and by that I will abide. By Heavens! cried the Marquis, it is an untruth—the Duke drew his sword—Julia screamed and sprung forward—she fainted, the Marquis caught her in his arms, in vain every remedy was applied; she shewed no signs of life for a long time; a surgeon was sent

sent for to bleed her, and when a vein was opened she began to breath, but remained insensible: never was there such a house: it was near eight o'clock before I thought of the Marquiss, whom I had not seen since Julia was carried to her apartment. All my fears encreased when the idea of the consequences of the quarrel took possession of my breast. I was just going to send (for poor Lady Seymour was incapable to act, she was so much affected at Julia's apparent danger) when a servant told me, Albert, Lord Guilford's man, requested to see me—with an aching heart I went down, how is your master, Albert? said I, ah! madam, replied he shaking his head, God only knows how he will be, at present he is very bad. Gracious God! exclaimed I, sure his life is not in danger. He is wounded in two places, said he, but the surgeons can't give judgment yet, they desired he might be kept quiet—as soon as they were gone, he ordered me to bring particular word how Miss St. Leger is. The Duke of Surry, is, I fear, mortally wounded, continued he; they met at Brooks's without seconds——but tell me, madam, what I am to say to my Lord? You must tell him, Albert, that she is much better, and that we all expect he will be carefull of himself and get well; but indeed, Albert, I am afraid it will be some time before Miss St. Leger is able to hear what has happened

pened : but go, my friend, your Lord will want your care.

I then returned to Julia, who continued still insensible. Soon after she began to stir a little. I sent off for Doctor Moore, who came immediately, he said nature was making an effort, and desired the room should be kept free from noise, as every thing depended upon her getting a sleep. You may be assured I did not leave it to orders, but staid by her myself, although I might have ventured, for she is perfectly idolized by all the domestics. About twelve o'clock, I was alarmed by her sitting up in the bed. I flew to her, how do you find yourself, my love ? said I, very well, replied she with quickness laying her hand upon her forehead which burnt like fire. I brought her a draught that was ordered for her, what is this pray ? is it a glass of Lethe ? if it is I will drink it, said she. She took it and said it was not pleasant, but no matter.

I found she was raving, and sent again for the doctor, but before he came, she called me to her, Emily, said she, will you oblige me and get me out of this house ? Why, Julia, replied I, would you wish to leave a place where every one loves you ? I tell you, said she impatiently, I must, I will go, would you wish me to stay to be forced to marry that horrid wretch ; Lady Seymour, you know, has promised. She looked wild, her lovely face as
pale

pale as death, and her eyes had lost all their softness, a fierceness had taken possession of them, which terrified me. 'Tis very well, Emily, I thought you loved me and esteemed him; but gracious Heaven! he is gone. She then sunk down on her pillow, quite exhausted. When the doctor came she screamed out, Emily, save me, save me, from that monster! no, never will I be yours—his hands are all bloody! She hid her face in my bosom, it was plain she took him for Surry. Come here, said she raising her head, and looking with a dignity, that in her situation was really astonishing, tell me candidly, have you not murdered him? Indeed, my dearest madam—stop, cried she, whilst a hectic of a moment lighted up her countenance, how dare you call me your dearest? I never, no, never will be yours. Julia, my dear, it is your old friend Doctor Moore. She smiled and cast a look full of disdain at me—he attempted to feel her pulse, but that made her quite outrageous—her screams were terrible.

Poor Lady Seymour sits in the next room, in a silent agony of grief. Julia continues without any manner of alteration; she never for a moment rests, her fever is so monstrous high. The idea that the Marquiss was killed, and that she will be forced to marry the Duke, occupies her thoughts and preys on her mind. Heaven only knows how it will end, but we have

have every thing to fear. This is so unconnected you will find it difficult to make it out as it is written by scraps, for I never leave the room. If it were possible to travel I would be glad you were here, though what service could it be to her, it would only distress you. Indeed I know not what I write, my head is so distracted with weeping and want of rest; I can hardly support myself, but I strive to keep up as well as I can.

This day she called me to her, Emily, said she, I have taken a house next door to my mother's, I must be removed this moment, but you must promise me—here she paused and seemed to forget what she was going to say—why do you weep (for I could not refrain, I was almost suffocated smothering my sorrow) but I know what ails you, you see I am calm, I do not shed unavailing tears, and she attempted to smile, but it was a smile of anguish. She grasped my hand, Oh! save him! save him! screamed she, see the sword in his heart, Oh! cried she more wildly, will no one save him from Surry? he will bleed to death, but I will heal his wounds, and springing forward she flung herself out of bed; she sighed heavily, and fell on the floor before we could prevent her. Quite exhausted, she let us put her to bed without making any resistance, however, her ravings grew more wild and incessant, and she perceivably weaker. We
were

were obliged to prevent Doctor Moore from seeing her, as she was always materially worse from the agitation it occasioned her: I am sorry for it, as I have a greater dependance on him, than on all the faculty beside. He calls often in the day, and assists at the consultations. It will be a long time before you receive this, as the weather is still terrible. I shall continue to write though melancholy is the employment.

The poor Marquis is much better—Julia's danger is kept a secret from him; my heart bleeds for what he will suffer, for never man loved with so tender a passion. Were our present fears realized, his life, I am apprehensive, would pay the forfeit. Divine Powers of Kindness and Compassion, restore her to the prayers of thy afflicted creatures! Adieu, Cecilia, I am blinded with my tears, but believe me, I am sincerely yours,

EMILY SIDNEY.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

AH! Cecilia, all hopes are fled, her kindred angels are watching to receive her; she has lain quiet all this day, her strength entirely exhausted---I am called.

Dearest Cecilia, how shall I tell you? our Julia is no more! Sweet flower, untimely cropped, before half thy sweets were blown! Never will your Emily lose sight of your perfections;

fections ; blessings followed her steps wherever she trod :—her presence cheered the languid bed of sickness : never did I see an eye look coldly on our Julia—she gladdened the heart oppressed by affliction—the cold bosom of age animated by her danger, supplicated the Almighty for her recovery, but in vain ; but I am wandering. I told you I was called——she had raised herself up in the bed—death like paleness had spread itself over her countenance, her eyes had lost that fierceness which since her illness had taken possession of them, and her face looked inexpressibly lovely, I went trembling to support her, shocked at the visible alteration, when the door opened, and the Marquis entered supported by Albert. She immediately perceived him, and screamed out, I come, I come, my Lord. The last word died on her lips, her head dropped on my bosom, it was all over, our lovely friend had breathed her last. The wretched Marquis sunk into the arms of his attendant, and was carried in a happy state of insensibility to my bed which was got ready for him. Gracious Power mitigate his sorrows, for great is his loss. Of what avail is rank or wealth ? they cannot screen us from the trials of humanity, and the affliction that attends the King of Terrors.

I have

I have sent for Doctor Moore, who I am expecting with impatience—I hear a foot, I hope it is him, the least noise alarms me, a dreadful stillness reigns through the house—Lady Seymour has retired to her closet, and has left orders no one is to be admitted. Oh Heavens! the Marquis! what a scene have I gone through; I started up when I saw him, he waved his hand to me not to move; Albert left him at the door; Emily, said he in a tremulous voice broken by sighs, your arm, (for he found he was unable to walk) lead me to your angel friend, let me take a last look at all my earthly happiness. I strove to dissuade him from advancing any further. He stood irresolute, but after a little hesitation, he forced himself forward, but when he saw Julia, he shrunk from the sight, and turned from her in speechless agony, but could not tear himself away; he again attempted to take a last view, but never did I behold such poignant grief as was pictured in his expressive countenance—he groaned aloud, and sunk senseless on the floor. The doctor fortunately came in, and assisted to bring him to his room. His wounds opened, and it was with difficulty the surgeons could stop the bleeding. Doctor Moore then returned to me; he examined Julia, he felt her stomach and has ordered

dered her to be stuped—he now attends the operation.

Cecilia! Cecilia! Julia lives! inscrutable are the ways of divine Providence; from what heart-felt, what severe distress has the Almighty Dispenser of all good, relieved us. The bath had the desired effect, a sigh was the first sign she gave of returning life. I threw my arms about the Doctor's neck, and almost smothered him with kisses! my joy was so unbounded; I was not sensible of what I was about, but I soon recovered from my delirium. He then gave Julia a cordial, which he had sent for, and she was surprizingly recovered. The Doctor would not let us speak to her, but desired she should be kept quiet as a great deal depended on it; you may be sure Miss Sidney, said he laughing, you shall have your fee, as you require nothing but kisses, you really took me by surprise, but we gentlemen of the faculty like a more substantial one; take care, however of your patient, whilst I go to Lady Seymour, who by the way is very ill, but I bring her news that will restore her.

Julia, soon after fell into a profound sleep—I now watch every breath she draws, and let no one remain in the room but myself, least they should disturb her. The Marquis must soon be made acquainted with this happy change,

change, for deferring it may prove fatal to him, as I do not think, in the state he is in, but what he will sink under his affliction. I am determined to be the bearer of the good news to him. Julia stirs, I fly to her; and judge, my dear Cecilia, my joy, when I found her quite composed, her reason and recollection quite restored, but was weak and faint. Emily, said she, I have been very ill, indeed, my love, you have replied I, but I thank God you are now quite out of danger, but you must keep yourself quiet; you may do with me what you please, said she, if you will answer me one question upon your honour; I promised her I would, for I found her sensibility evidently returned, Tell me, Emily, is the Marquis dead? She laid her hand on her forehead, and waited my answer with seeming composure, but her eyes had terror painted in them. Indeed, my Julia he is living, and only suffers upon your account. Ah! Emily! sure you do not deceive me? if he lives, why do I not see him? My dear girl, replied I, you do not consider you are in bed; she blushed and remained silent. Thank God, she continues to mend every hour. She desires her most affectionate regards to her Cecilia, and fears I have rendered you unhappy, by letting you know her danger.

send

I send this express, as I hope you will get it as soon as the one I sent by post. Farewell, Cecilia—Julia calls.

Yours,

EMILY SIDNEY.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

Miss WALDERGRAVE to Miss SIDNEY.

Morpeth-Hall.

I HARDLY can give credit to your last letter. Oh! Emily, my soul has been harrowed with sorrow, almost too powerful for my reason, but does she live—are you sure my Julia is restored to me? On my bended knees I return the Almighty thanks for the blessing;
for

for believe me, romantic as it may sound, life would not be life without her. When I received the dreadful news of her danger, a succession of fainting fits, prevented my beginning my journey immediately, but as soon as I recovered, I set out against the opinion of every one, at ten o'clock at night, accompanied by Sir Charles, who shared my distress in a manner I shall never forget. The postillions were afraid of going astray, as it snowed and blew so very hard, and declared it would be an impossibility to go on, I cried with vexation and disappointment; but let the event be what it would, I told them I would proceed.

We had not got more than four miles, when we heard a man beg they would, for God's sake, direct him the shortest way to Morpeth-Hall, for I am come express, and am almost perished by the severity of the weather. My friend, said Sir Charles, who is the express to? for a Miss———Oh! give it me, give it me, for Heavens sake, exclaimed I interrupting him, it is for me: one of the men had a tinder-box, he soon struck a light, and I opened the letter. Spare me, Emily, I cannot describe my feelings. When I came to where you said she was no more, the letter fell from my hand, I lost every faculty without fainting—I remained motionless—Sir Charles

les, alarmed at my situation, cut my habit up behind, which gave me room to breathe. I pointed to the letter, he took it up and read it, his agitation was nearly equal to mine, but he went through it. As he proceeded, I saw his countenance brighten, Cecilia, my dearest Cecilia, cried he clasping me in transport to his breast, do not be so dreadfully alarmed, speak to me my best love, (I pushed him from me, but was unable to speak) it is not so bad as you imagine, it was a mistake, our lovely Julia lives, I stared, but thought he wanted to deceive me. He read the letter through—I really thought my bosom would have burst, if a friendly shower of tears had not relieved me—the large drops rolled down Sir Charles's cheeks, as he strained me to his breast.

I consented to return to the Hall, and was received with joy by the family, who did not expect to see us there again. Sir Charles brings this—he sets out to-morrow to his friend. I am so unwell from the violent agitation of mind, and a violent cold, that I have given up going to town for the present. For Heaven's sake write every hour—tell me how she looks—tell me all she says, and when she will be able to write herself, till she is, I can hardly think she lives. My fears for the Marquis are great, but I will not indulge any
 VOL. II. H gloomy

gloomy ideas, nor anticipate misfortunes, but will look to the bright side of the prospect, where I fancy I see many jocund days and years attend them.

Tell my Julia, that her happiness constitutes mine; and tell my second friend, that I love her sincerely.

CECILIA WALDERGRAVE.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

Miss SIDNEY to Miss CECILIA WALDER-

GRAVE,

Upper Grosvenor-street.

A Thousand apologies I should make to my dear Miss Waldergrave for the terror and distress I occasioned her, but as I wrote in continuation, my joy did not let me consider the impropriety of sending the beginning of my last letter, till it was gone, and then it was too late to remedy the evil. Your second friend is best at after-thoughts, and that will,

H 2

I hope,

I hope, plead my excuse—even Julia thought you were made unhappy by hearing of her danger, but at that moment I had lost all recollection of what I had wrote during my distress, and thought I could not dispatch the messenger soon enough with the joyful tidings of her recovery.

Nothing but extreme weakness prevents Julia's writing to you, for she is entirely out of danger; it was with difficulty I could prevail on her to give up the idea of beginning a letter to you this day—I know if she attempted it, she could not succeed, and thought it better to defer it, till she could sit up with ease to herself—so I suppose you will expect a continuation of my journal.

In my last, I expressed my fears for the Marquiss, they encreased every hour—Doctor Moore approved of acquainting him with Julia's recovery, but recommended caution; leave that to me, Doctor, said I, and you shall see I will acquit myself to your satisfaction. He smiled, and said, he did not doubt my discretion. I took the first opportunity of leaving Lady Seymour (who is able to leave her room) with Julia, and went to the Marquiss, I entered the room with chearfulness, though my heart beat for fear of any more accidents. I was shocked at the alteration I saw in him, his eyes were sunk, his face pale and emaciated—how do you find yourself, my Lord?

Too

Too well, Emily, replied he, my heart is too strong—she is gone that made life desirable. For Heaven's sake, my dear Marquiss, cried I, striving to attempt vivacity in my manner, whilst my heart bled for him, do not give way to despondency, things are not so bad. He put back the curtain, is it possible, said he, that it is the gentle Emily that speaks such language—can you so soon forget your angel friend? never shall I forget her words, they pierced my very soul, but leave me, said he, turning with displeasure, I wish to be alone: You are offended with me, said I, but you misunderstand me; you are thinking of an heavenly angel, I of a mortal woman. He looked at me with amaze, take care, Emily, said he, what you say, what would you wish me to believe? Every thing, my Lord, that would be agreeable to your wishes. He raised himself up in the bed, and in a voice hardly articulate, said, it's impossible, but keep me no longer in suspense, let me hear what you have to say, I am prepared.

I now wished myself fairly out of the room, for I found I was not equal to the task.—Whilst I was considering how to begin, Dean Dixon entered—never was a criminal more rejoiced at a pardon being held out to him, than I was at being released from a part I was unable to sustain. I arose—Emily, cried the Marquiss, you must not go, the Dean will ex-

cuse me. He will, my dear Lord, replied I, inform you of what you wish to know in a better manner than I can, pardon me for what I made you suffer, I did it for the best. I then left the room, the Dean staid three hours with the Marquis; when he was gone, my Lord sent for me, it is impossible for me to tell you what he said, he made me repeat every thing twice over, yet was not satisfied. I am harrassed to death by him, I am no sooner with Julia than he sends for me to make some enquiry about her, some question he had forgot to ask before. I have told him he must get well, for I would no longer be their go-between; but he said, by way of paying me for my trouble, that he would get me a husband: I thanked him with my best courtsey, but like Beatrice, told him, I would rather chuse one of his father's getting; in short, I do and say all I can to make them both chearful, as there is one, who I think, is determined to depress their spirits, I mean the Duke of Lecester, who has never been to see the Marquis, and I am afraid, does not rejoice with the rest of the family at our Julia's recovery; but her Grace, and Lady Selina are our constant guests; they love Julia, as every one does that is not wilfully blind to her merit.

The Marquis leaves his room to-day, and looks delightfully—Julia knows of his being wounded—he is to pay her a visit this evening.

The

The Duke having sent to desire he should leave his aunt's, on pain of his displeasure, I am apprehensive fortune has not done persecuting them, and that his Grace will oppose their union : for my part, I think Julia's fortune sufficiently large, as it amounts in money and jewels, to twelve thousand pounds ; but he considers Lady Carolina's which he refused, though her Grace has told Julia, Lord Guilford always declared his dislike of her Ladyship, and expressed her concern at the Duke's obstinacy, to a match that would contribute so much to all their happiness.

Lady Seymour is gone to see if she can prevail on him to consent—I will not conclude this, till I hear what success she has had.— There has been an old gentleman in deep mourning to enquire for Julia every day since her illness—I wonder who he can be—she does not know him from description. Lady Seymour is returned—I hear the carriage stop, I fly to hear the news.

'Tis all over ! the Duke is inexorable—he will not listen to any proposal Lady Seymour can make—he calls Julia a designing girl, that has enriched herself at the expence of his family, and declares he will have no connexion with his sister, whilst she countenances the lovely girl. Lady Seymour left him in high wrath—would I had the punishment of the old Curmudgeon, I would soon let him feel

my power—on my conscience, Tantalus's death would be too good for him. Julia is kept in ignorance of this insult. When the weather permits, she is ordered to the country for the benefit of the air. She is, if possible, more beautiful than ever. The Marquis, attended by his friend, has been to see her—I will not attempt to describe their meeting. Lord Guilford's agitation was so great, from knowing his father's determination, that several times he sunk on his friend's shoulder.—I strove to rattle a little, and was assisted by Sir Charles; we at length succeeded in dispelling the gloom that hung on his fine features, and we spent a very happy evening.

Sir Charles leaves this to-morrow for Morpeth-Hall—don't you feel a little palpitation, I know you will plead, not guilty, but I am even with you for I do not believe you. His business is to conduct the fair Cecilia to her darling Julia, as the weather is now delightful for travelling.

Lord Guilford left us to night, after taking a tender leave of Julia. Never did I see any one conduct themselves with such propriety. She hides not, she wishes not to hide her partiality; but there is such modesty, so much naïveté in her manner, as would awe the greatest libertine. The Marquis dwells on every word, every look, and for a while, forgets the uncertainty of his fate.

Adieu,

Adieu, I can hardly keep my eyes open,
till I subscribe myself as usual, your

EMILY SIDNEY.

P. S. Imagine a thousand loves from every
body—Sir Charles is burthened with some
dozens of kisses for you, don't let him cheat
you—once more adieu.

JOY to my dear Miss Walsgrave joy to
us all, we shall be happy. The Duke
will not deny his consent to this, though
he had no influence on his exactions must
since my last the aspect of affairs is totally
changed, and so changed—that I would (in
give you a regular account, though I am afraid
on of things, as makes me apprehensive I shall
have

LETTER XXV.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

JOY to my dear Miss Waldergrave, joy to us all, we shall still be happy. The Duke will not deny his consent to thousands, though merit had no influence on his avaricious mind. Since my last, the aspect of affairs is totally changed, and so changed——but I would fain give you a regular detail, though I am afraid I shall not succeed, as I am in such an agitation of spirits, as makes me apprehensive I shall have

have neither method nor coherence, in what I am going to relate.

Yesterday, Lady Seymour was told, a gentleman wanted to speak to her, down she went to the drawing-room. Curiosity led me to the window to see this gentleman without a name, when I saw a most elegant chariot with a pair of black and white pied horses standing at the door, the servants in deep mourning. Who the deuce is this that is coming after you? cried I to Julia, for certainly it is the man I told you of. She said she could not guess, but she supposed it was the same that was now below. I took my stand at the window to watch for the owner of the superb vehicle, and heartily tired was I before I was gratified with a view of his charming person, for it was full two hours before he went away. If his business, said I, is no better than his appearance (for the poor man was intolerably gouty) I am ill paid for my trouble. Dear madam, cried I to Lady Seymour who just came into the room, tell us who that man is? for I am dying to know all about him, what do you say, Julia, are you equally curious with Emily? said her Ladyship. No indeed, madam, replied she, but you seem pleased, and I am sure you will not confine it to your own bosom. Pray, my dear madam, said I, see how artfull she is, and give me credit for my honesty. You are a sad girl, replied her Ladyship,

ship, how can I begin, unless you stop that flippant tongue of yours. I am dumb, said I. Well, Julia, said she, prepare to hear news that will astonish you, it was your uncle St. Leger that was below; he is just returned from Holland, where he was settling some affairs—he has lost his wife and daughters who were unfortunately aboard the Lisbon packet that foundered at sea some time since. Mrs. St. Leger had been at Lisbon for the recovery of her health—he laments his daughters, who he says were amiable, but the death of his wife, he looks on as a stroke of Providence in his favour, for he says she made his life a scene of misery. He is now one of the richest subjects in Britain, and intends never to marry, but to make you his heir. Some one told him you were contracted or privately married to Lord Guilford, and he wanted to know if it was true, I told him you were not, but I believed the Marquis would wish the report was realized: and so it shall, replied he, for I hear he is a lad of spirit, and damn me! if any other shall get her, for sink my ship, if I would give sixpence to any of those whey-faced, milk-and-water fops, that would be as much afraid to face their enemy, as to let the sun in this cold climate, injure their complexion; for their hands, teeth, and eyebrows, are their principal study—a damned bad race to preserve the empire, who look
more

more effeminate than those equestrian ladies I see every day armed cap-a-pee; but can't I see Julia? I told him it would be proper to prepare you for the interview, as your nerves were in a very weak state since your illness.— Oh! curse those love fits, said he, we must get her married directly for fear of a relapse, so good day to your Ladyship, I shall call to-morrow. I have asked him to dinner, so, my love, you must prepare to receive him; he seems to be strongly attached to you on your mother's account, of whom he speaks in an enthusiastic manner. I am all expectation, and Julia all palpitation till this interview is over. Julia writes by to-morrow's post, but believe me, Cecilia, though no longer your correspondant, I am sincerely your affection-
ate

EMILY SIDNEY.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

Miss St. LEGER to Miss CECILIA WALDER-

GRAVE.

Upper Grosvenor-Street.

AFTER a fortnight, a dreadful fortnight's intermission, my dear Cecilia, I resume my pen. I will not attempt to recollect any of the circumstances of that melancholy interval, as I find Emily has been a faithful journalist, and

and that she is admirable at anecdotes. She has given you a much better account than I possibly could; but thank God it is past, and a much better prospect opens to your Julia. I am still very weak, but peace of mind will soon effect a cure, as I may reasonably hope, all my uneasiness of mind is at an end, so far as wealth, sincere friendship, and a certainty of being beloved by him I prefer to all others, can promote felicity—that felicity is mine.

My affectionate Emily acquainted you with my uncle's visit, and kind intentions in my favour; I expected him the next day with impatience mixed with an apprehension I could not account for. He came early so we had a long conversation before dinner. He spoke to me about the Marquis, I candidly told him the situation of my heart and determination, in regard to Lord Guilford—he was so good, not only to approve, but praise my conduct, in refusing to accept his hand without his father's approbation, for, said he, I would have disowned you, had you been so mean spirited to have forced yourself into his family against their inclination; nor would I now give my consent, continued he, but that I like Lord Guilford's character, and have the highest respect and esteem for his aunt, to whom you are under the greatest obligations. I can now make you the first fortune in the kingdom, and will settle matters with that
 stingy

stingy old fellow his father, when that is done I will have you tack'd together immediately. I requested he would not be too precipitate—a fiddle faddle with your precipitation, you say one thing and mean another; but I must hear what the Marquiss will say to me, I suppose, said he laughing, he will be displeased at my precipitation. Indeed, my Cecilia, I am sadly apprehensive he will be too hasty—he is a great oddity, exceedingly good-natured, but cannot bear contradiction, as he says he was surfeited with that for years, and is determined to have his own way for the remainder of his days. Lady Seymour and Emily joined us, and the conversation became general. He asked us for the next day—you must come early, said he, for I have some foreign gewgaws to shew you, that will serve to amuse you till dinner. I hope, Mr. St. Leger, said my dear Lady Seymour, you do not intend taking Julia from me—for I am so accustomed to her society, I do not know how to do without her. No, no, replied he, your Ladyship has the best right to her, but I believe you may settle your mind, for she is on the wing to the paradise of fools.

The door was flung open, and the Marquiss was announced—Lady Seymour smiling said, Mr. St. Leger, give me leave to introduce Lord Guilford to your friendship. My uncle shook his head, ay, ay, cried he, just as I imagined,

imagined, six foot, black eyes, fine complexion, and white teeth—the Marquis coloured : no offence, my Lord, I am a strange mortal, but you must not mind what such an old fellow as I say.

We spent a very pleasant day ; my uncle is very agreeable and chearful ; he is a man of strong natural sense, though he has been careless of improving it ; he is very communicative—there is a whimsical vein runs through his conversation, that amuses very much, but he swears so often that I am shocked to hear it. Surely, my Cecilia, swearing is the most unprofitable of all vices, for there is neither advantage nor pleasure attending on it ; if people that are addicted to it, were sensible how disagreeable it renders them, without saying a word of a higher consideration, surely they would strive to conquer so horrid a habit.

IN CONTINUATION.

Just arrived from Portland Place---I sit down to give my Cecilia the occurrence of the day.

According to desire we went early, and were not only entertained, but astonished. He led us through every room, where wealth and magnificence were happily displayed even to profusion. I feel a degree of pleasure on my worthy kinsman's account, that it was not acquired by any of the iniquitous means, that are too often used by people, who go out to the east with intentions to enrich themselves at the expence of humanity, in hopes to return and enjoy their ill-acquired wealth in peace at home; but in that they are mistaken, the vengeance of God pursues them, and are often obliged to part with it, to save a life already made miserable by a guilty conscience.— But to return to my worthy uncle. He made Lady Seymour a present of a service of nankeen china, with a pair of jars five feet high; to Emily, (of whom he is very fond) he

he gave a suit of beautiful oriental pearls; as for me, I know not what to do with the profusion of fine things I have got—you must make haste to town, my Cecilia, to share the trouble with your Julia; for it would be too great a charge to keep them all myself.

Whilst we were amusing ourselves, a servant told my uncle the Duke of Surry was come to wait on him: he desired him to be shewn up; I was ready to faint, spare me, my dear sir, cried I, I cannot see him; you are a fool, said he, laughing, surely he will not bite you, but you are a milky thing, so you may retire into the study. He wanted Lady Seymour and Emily to stay, but they declined the interview. Emily was obliged to support me as the sound of his voice made me tremble, for we could hear them speak distinctly, and without listening, heard all their conversation. He apologized to my uncle for the liberty he had taken in calling on him without being properly introduced; but as his dearest interest was at stake, it made him waive ceremony; he said it was impossible to paint his sufferings at hearing of my illness, which he was so peculiarly unfortunate to occasion—he said it was not to be wondered at his resentment getting the better of his reason, to find all his most flattering prospects blasted—Lady Seymour had interessed herself in his favour, and Miss St. Leger had not discouraged

couraged his growing hopes, (you know, my Cecilia, how far that was true) as for Lord Guildford, continued he, he cannot marry without his father's concurrence, and therefore has it not in his power to make a proper settlement; do, my dear Mr. St. Leger, strive to influence your charming niece in my favour, and I will give you a *carte blanche* which you may fill up as you please, for with your interest, I have no doubt but I shall succeed with her.

My uncle all this while after the first compliments were over, sat shaking his foot and taking snuff, at last he broke silence—if your Grace, said he, succeeds with Julia, I give her up, for if she is such a damned changeable latitude as you suppose her to be, and will veer about at my desire from so worthy a lad as Guilford, by ———, and he swore a tremendous oath, she shall never be sixpence the better of me—your Grace must pardon me, but I always speak my mind: I am obliged to your Grace for thinking so highly of my niece, but I have promised Guilford, so that settles the affair.

After a little more conversation, the Duke took his leave, very much mortified, no doubt at the reception he had met with: if I had my will, said my uncle, coming into the library, I would have you, Madam, married to night, for I would no more have my ears
dinned

dinned with such a rhapsody of nonsense, as they have been this hour past, for the mines of Potosi—my brains are so moidered with that fellow. I shall not be myself to day, come here, boy, (for the Marquiss just entered) take her and rid me of the trouble, for I have got a surfeit this morning, such another would be the death of me; now, continued he, giving my hand to the Marquiss, I resign her to you, my Lord, and may God bless you—I now feel a weight removed off my shoulders. I shall see the Duke your father to-morrow, and settle every thing, and let us be happy to day.

The Marquiss was all joy, all gratitude;—and shall I confess to my friend, that your Julia's heart beat in unison. My dear Lady Seymour wept tears of joy, whilst she embraced us. Emily was all extacy; in short, we were all compleatly happy; for though I suspect Emily to have a penchant for Lord Orford, it does not hurt her spirits. I wish he would turn his thoughts to her, for she is every way deserving. I flatter myself it will yet come to pass, as there is a sort of friendship commenced between them during my illness, for he always insisted on seeing her, to be informed how I was; I am sure he then saw her to advantage, as her many amiable qualities were then very conspicuous. Never shall I forget, with what tender care the dear
girl

girl attended me during my illness, and how much she sympathized in my sufferings.

We are all to go to a seat of my uncle's at Richmond, where I hope to embrace my dearest friend. My spirits are in a perpetual flutter. My mind, in every situation, wishes to repose itself in the bosom of my Cecilia.— Haste, then, to your Julia, for sure it is a little century since we saw each other. My paper reminds me of the enormous length of this letter, I therefore must conclude with sincere affection, your

JULIA St. LEGER.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

Miss WALDERGRAVE to Miss St. LEGER.

Bensley-Grove.

YOU see, my Julia, by the place this letter is dated from, that I am not mistress of my own actions, my mother was determined upon fulfilling her promise to aunt Bensley—you may be sure I did not say against her going, but

but she insisted on my accompanying her. I refused, upon which I had such a peal rung in my poor ears, on the subject of duty and passive obedience, as quite destroyed me, so I was obliged to submit to the mortification of going to Bensly-Grove, instead of delightful Richmond, and enjoying the felicity of embracing my sweet friend. I am apprehensive, Julia, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of marrying that I may have a little of my own way; but between you and I, I think I should act unwisely to marry Sir Charles, he knows too much, and now knows how to treat me from my mother's sage example, for since she has relaxed her former severity, she has the knack to persuade me to do any thing let it be never so repugnant to my inclination. I think I hear my Julia say, poor Sir Charles has not found me so passive, and that in respect of him I have had my own way; but enough of myself.

I cannot find language to express the joy I feel at your recovery to health and happiness. I was always certain, you were born to enjoy, as well as to bestow supreme felicity. How I long to see your good uncle. Now, Julia, prove yourself a disinterested friend, and make a match between him and your Cecilia; if you are so generous, I will promise to make you a very affectionate parent. Tell me how I shall ingratiate

tiate myself with the charming old man; I will be obliged to you to instruct me, previous to my first seeing him, how I shall conduct myself, for the first impression is every thing. Poor Lord Orford! how I pity him, his disappointment must sit very heavy on him, but yet I agree with you, that Emily stands no bad chance; for her desire of pleasing him, must shew her to advantage: her tender sensibility has already, you say, engaged his friendship, and now he has lost all hopes of you, of course he will pay attentions where he must see they will be acceptable.—Surry is my terror, so shall take no notice of what relates to him, but fly with the wings of impatience to my favourite Harry—what an envied mortal he is, and will be, how every way worthy the happiness is designed for him—I am dying to hear how his father will behave, and what reason he will assign for his past behaviour. Have you seen Lady Caroline Newbourg lately? how she must be mortified, when she came to the knowledge of your good fortune. You never say any thing of Sedley, poor devil, I wish he had her fast noosed in the holy yoke of matrimony; her money would be of infinite service to him.

I have seen a gentleman from Yorkshire, who told me both the Miss Hargroves are married; Miss Hargrove to a Mr. Singleton,

VOL. II.

I

and

and Miss Sophia to my quondam admirer, sir Philip Onslow, a hasty match you'll say—he soon transferred his affections from my fair self; but the man spoke truth, for he often told me he should never die for love. My mother has been so good to inform me, she will go to London next week; I am now all impatience, and imagines time running backward, however to make the few days I am to remain here less irksome, I beseech you to answer this, as it will be a cordial to support the spirits of your

CECILIA WALDERGRAVE.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

Miss St. LEGER to Miss CECILIA WALDER-

GRAVE.

Upper Grosvenor-Street.

My dear Cecilia,

THE formidable day is fixed, and your friend's fate is determined; I flatter myself I shall never have cause to lament my destiny, as the Marquis is as perfect as human nature will allow. His father now approves his sentiments

timents in my favour, and has made many apologies for refusing his consent, but says, it was out of resentment, and to punish the Marquis for disappointing the hopes he had formed, of concluding a match between him and Lady Carolina. He says many flattering things to me on the occasion; but an heiress to eight thousand a year, and fifty thousand pounds in hand, with large expectations, may, you will say, command any thing, and most people, such is the estimation in general set on wealth; but I have the heart-felt satisfaction to know the Marquis was uninfluenced by any such sordid considerations, he has a soul superior to those little minds, who place their chiefest good in wealth, which let them think as they will, cannot procure them real happiness. Her Grace and Lady Selina, treat me with the greatest affection and politeness. My dear and amiable Lady Seymour perfectly idolizes your Julia. Such a torrent of happiness makes me tremble, lest there be something treacherous in this sudden reconciliation of fortune, as I am perfectly sensible I have not merit sufficient to entitle me to such felicity.

When I wrote last to my Cecilia, I did not imagine my probation would so soon expire; but yesterday Lord Guilford in a lover like phrase, demanded from me when his destined happiness should commence. I told him

we

we should have time enough to talk of that, for we had hitherto been so situated, as to be sensible of nothing but uneasiness, but now we could see each other with pleasure free from restraint. Yes, my Julia, replied he, but I must insist on an early day, a day that will make you mine for ever, and put it past the power of man to separate us. The lawyers will soon do their part, and then surely you will make no objection. You are very precipitate, cried I, but I shall certainly put in a caveat, to postpone affairs for a time. No, replied he, with tendernefs beaming from his intelligent eyes, and pressing my hand with transport to his lips; no, I am too well acquainted with the inestimable worth of my Julia, to suspect she would give pain to a heart devoted to her. His solicitations were not to be trifled with, and I referred him to Lady Seymour, she to my uncle, who insisted on so early a day as startled us all; so I think between them they have fixed on some day the first week in next month, and full soon enough, my Cecilia, it will be, for without affectation I would much rather have had a longer time. Do not delay hastening to town, and remember your promise my dearest friend, I shall look to your fulfilling it. I really begin to be hurried; such a quantity of things are bought, and such a quantity

to be bought, that one would think, I was going to pass the remainder of my days in some remote country, where there were no manufacturers or artificers to be come at, and that I was providing cloathing, and ornaments for half a century. My uncle has made me a present of the house and furniture in Portland Place, and four thousand a year to keep it in repair; is not that a noble present my Cecilia? The Marquis has sent me a most elegant set of diamonds, with his picture most superbly ornamented; I shall never look on it, but I shall reflect on the many uneasy hours it occasioned me. We leave town to-morrow for Richmond, where I shall impatiently expect you. My uncle is prepared to love and admire you, but desires me to tell you, handsome as you are, he is determined to reject you: so, you see, sir Charles must be the Man.

I rejoice at the Hargroves being so happily disposed off; I wonder how they got their mother's consent, for the desire of being thought young, made her treat them like infants—how many women like Lady Hargrove render themselves ridiculous and contemptible by such behaviour. Lady Seymour just now came to tell me, Lady Caroline Newbourg went off last night with Sedly for Scotland. Your's was a lucky wish for him,

as

as you see it is realized. Her family is in the utmost affliction, but what will astonish you, they did not pursue them. Since I wrote the above, I have seen Lord Orford, who says Sedly will make her too good an husband, as there was one act she was guilty of, deserved the greatest punishment—he certainly alluded to her attempt against me, but how he came to the knowledge of it, I cannot divine. I think to shew the Marquiss her letter to Sedly, to clear up to him, what I am convinced made him very uneasy, as no ill can now attend it. I wish you were with me, I never wanted or desired your society more than I do at present, I have an hundred things to say to you, that I cannot commit to paper. I have not had Emily with me for some days, the loss of her lively conversation is felt by us all, but her attendance was necessary on Mrs. Sidney, who is come to town ill, and is confined; the physicians are apprehensive she is far gone in a consumption. I now begin to flatter myself my wishes will be fulfilled, Lord Orford is so particular to Emily, as often to draw on her my uncle's raillery, which the dear girl can ill bear. I think we have no one to dispose off, but poor Lord Melvin; but he declares he will die a batchelor, since the only two he ever fancied said him nay. The Earl of Somerset

merfet and Lady Selina are to be married this evening—they set out for Paris in a few days, in a public capacity. Adieu my much loved Cecilia, in whatever change, believe me unalterably yours,

JULIA ST. LEGER.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

*Miss St. LEGER to Miss SIDNEY.**Richmond Lodge.*

I Cannot express to my Emily how much I miss her, the loss of her society is the only alloy to her friends happiness—my dear Cecilia arrived here yesterday, accompanied by Mrs. Waldergrave and sir Charles, she is I

15

think

think more lively and more beautiful than ever—she too laments your absence; we all petition Mrs. Sidney to let you come to us, if she can spare you with convenience; I hope she is better, and that she can dispense with your tender attentions for a little while. I know by experience, how capable my dear Emily is to smooth the bed of sickness, but I flatter myself Mrs. Sidney is not confined to her's—if she grants our prayer, Lord Guilford will go to town to bring you to your Julia. Cecilia declares you must come with the Marquis, or she will send Lord Orford for you—don't be alarmed, Emily, he is not here, he declined my uncle's invitation. I wonder often at the patience of sir Charles, for Cecilia, at times, is absolutely intolerably provoking—her spirits are amazingly great, though Mrs. Waldergrave did every thing in her power to mortify the dear girl, and to break them; for till Harriet went to France, Cecilia was never brought into Company. Her mother was a long time insensible to her merit, but she is at present extremely fond of her—I reckon it amongst the impossibilities to know, and not to love her. She is so very amiable—along with the greatest flow of spirits, (which one would imagine would prevent any thing bearing heavy on her mind) she possesses an uncommon share of sensi-

sensibility; her heart is tenderly alive to all the fine feelings. A tale of woe never had a more attentive auditor, or one more ready to alleviate, as far as is in her power, any wretchedness that comes within her knowledge; and she makes it her business to find out the unfortunate. I was interrupted by the very girl whose praise I was chanting forth, I am afraid Emily I must recall part of what I have said, for she has just quarrelled with sir Charles; she takes such pleasure in tormenting him, that I am often tempted to think she does not love him as well as he deserves, but then she in an instant banishes that thought from my mind, by some delicate acknowledgement of error; for like Belcour, she is always sinning and repenting. Cecilia declares sir Charles is now the aggressor, but between friends, I very much doubt it. I must now go and hear both stories—to judge a cause properly it is necessary you should be well acquainted with its merit, a single deficiency would ruin the whole. Cecilia teases me so, I must attend her. She desires her love, and would write to you, but this place is so dreary, her ideas are all gone to sleep, only when she gets hold of the Marquis, is she sensible she says of her existence. You may believe as much of that as you please—but do not doubt

doubt but you are loved sincerely by her,
and your

JULIA St. LEGER.

Lady Seymour writes to Mrs. Sidney for
leave, I flatter myself we shall succeed.—
My uncle declares he can do no longer with-
out his blue-eyed maid — once more adieu
ma chere

EMILY.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

Miss CECILIA WALDERGRAVE to Miss SIDNEY.

Richmond.

AH! Emily, Emily, I am ruined, and undone; fashion, Coquetry, all put to flight; don't dare, however, to imagine, it is by ove I am vanquished, (it is not come to that yet)

yet) but by that artful girl, what has she not to answer for, to destroy all my consequence at once. Emily I have been very weak and very silly just now, but it is entirely owing to this prudent friend of ours. You must know, I thought sir Charles did not look half so handsome, or so graceful at Richmond, as he did in London, or at Morpeth Hall—to be sure he could not help that, nor my making comparisons between him and the elegant Marquiss. He should, if possible, have prevented my continuing here, but like most of his sex, his vanity lies very deep, or he would dread the Marquiss's superiority—but to the story of my misfortune—yesterday he met him and me in the grove; he exclaimed against a conversation so private, and declared Lord Guilford was become a downright monopolizer. The Marquiss laughed at his fears of him, and rallied a good deal; he however soon took an opportunity of leaving us together. When he was gone, sir Charles seized my hand and pressed it to his lips, and said something or other about my looks, with which I was not in a humour to be pleased—psha! cried I, rather peevishly—what is the matter? my amiable Cecilia; said he, am I so unfortunate to offend; stupid cried I, ha! exclaimed he, (in a tragedy rant) I beseech your
pardon

pardon, Madam; when you are disposed to listen to my stupidity, you will find me ready to obey your summons—he made a pretty half stately bow, and walked off without being recalled. I paused, I blushed I believe; in truth Emily I was ashamed of my behaviour—and was fully resolved to make him amends for it. Oh! what a lecture Julia will read to me, said I to myself, as I went to the House, for I knew he would complain of me to her—for my part I have no notion of indulging these encroachers, so as to always appear pleased with their assiduities; it is in my opinion good management to keep them at a distance. When I came into the drawing room, I was received by sir Charles with a respectful bow; my sweet friend with her beautiful face made up, uttered not a syllable—I sat down and took out my knotting, a charming morning said I, I have been walking the woods these two hours; not a word from either, I wonder my dear, said I to my pretty prudent friend, you did not enjoy the beauties of it: I had business which prevented me, Madam, replied she, why that was rather unfortunate said I; purling streams, shady groves, and such a lover as Lord Guilford are certainly irresistible objects—it was a pity you were deprived of such a charming scene. I am very happy, Cecilia, to see Lord
Guilford

Guilford within, or without the house, but I confess I am not romantic enough to enjoy his conversation only when the scene is rural, or coquet sufficient to treat him with disdain at any time or any place. You are a good girl, replied I, and I am very happy that you have profited by the many lessons I have given you on that subject; they both endeavoured to restrain a smile, but what a thoughtless mortal I am, cried I; you and your friend seemed to have a serious conversation, and I have interrupted you—I arose to go, you must not leave me Cecilia, said Julia, taking my hand, and calling sir Charles to her presented it to him; I foolishly made some concessions, and I am sadly afraid they made me promise, that the day gives Julia the title of Guilford, I am to assume that of Wilmot. Pity me, Emily, for it will not be the thing to figure en bride by her—you know the men all say that no woman has so many charms as Julia. In every thing she says and does, an irresistible charm is diffused around her, I wish I possessed her fascinating power, I flatter myself I would make a better use of it than she does, but they say imperfection is the common characteristic of all human efforts——alas! Emily, I feel sensibly this moment the truth of the remark. Heigh! ho! absolutely the idea

idea of matrimony has infected me with low-
ness of spirits, do my good girl come and
dispel the mist that at present obscures the
vivacity of your

CECILIA WALDERAVE.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

Miss SIDNEY to Mrs. SIDNEY.

Richmond.

I Have just stolen a moment to acquaint my dearest mother, that I have seen the lovely Julia, and her beauteous friend, plight their faith to Lord Guilford and sir Charles Wilmot;

Wilmot; never did I see Miss St. Leger look more enchantingly lovely, without the assistance of bridal finery, (for we were all dressed in riding habits). The softness that was cast over Cecilia's countenance, added much to her beautiful features. She had assumed quite a new character, her vivacity was more than half gone, which gave a languor to her eyes, that was infinitely becoming.

After breakfast the ceremony was performed by Dean Dixon, who came from Rose Hill to have the pleasure of giving the nuptial benediction to Julia, on whom he doats with parental fondness. The good old gentleman went through it in a most awful manner—when he came to that part, where he asks was there any just cause or impediment why they should not be joined in the holy bands of matrimony; I really thought Miss Waldergrave would have fainted—I suppose she remembered the wretched Lady Wilton, but she soon recovered, and went through it very well, even to love, honour and obey, though I have often heard her express her aversion to part of them vows; but I am convinced there is no promise she has made, but she will religiously keep. When the Dean had finished reading the exhortation—she flew to Julia and threw herself into her arms and bursted into tears;

tears; gracious God! exclaimed sir Charles, what mean those tears? surely my dearest Cecilia does not repent her condescension to me; but come, continued he, I must not let your lovely friend engross you all. See, Julia, cried she, smiling through her tears, how soon I am put in mind of my vows; alas! I am apprehensive, I shall never claim the slice of bacon, it is well if a slice comes to my share, what think you? said she, giving her hand to sir Charles. Why, replied he, I must confess in this age of modern refinement and dissipation, the task seems rather arduous, but we will attempt it, my love, and I make no doubt we shall succeed, and convince the world, hymen has some happy votaries—he then led her to Mrs. Waldergrave, and Lord Morpeth. Now, my Julia, said the Marquis, I may say my happiness is compleat, and if the most tender love and gratitude can contribute to yours, you may be assured of its permanency. Oons man! cried Mr. St. Leger, hold your tongue, consider the bargain is for life, therefore spare your assurances and compliments, lest you should fall short by the way, and promise more than you can perform, but come I have not yet kissed the bride, with your leave, my Lord, and he saluted Julia with a tear of pleasure in his eye, and turning to sir Charles said he must take the privilege of an

an old man, and wish your fair one joy. The lovely Marchioness received the congratulations of the company with a grace peculiar to herself. The Duke seemed to admire her, as much as his son did. Lady Seymour was very much affected, as she pressed Julia to her bosom, and offered up a fervent prayer for her happiness. Lord and Lady Guilford when in the country are to reside with her at Seymour Castle, and she is to live with them in town, for she could not be separated from Julia.— We are now going, that is to say, the Marquis and Marchioness, sir Charles and Lady Wilmot, Lady Seymour, Miss Beverly, your Emily and Captain Villars to Frescati, a seat of the Marquis's, about twenty miles hence, where we are to stay a few days, and then for Seymour Castle, where I hope to meet my dear mother in perfect health and spirits.

Lord Orford was invited to the wedding by Mr. St. Leger, who did not consider the impropriety, but he pleaded business: indeed my dear Madam, I do not think any one who ever loved Lady Guilford could so far conquer their passion, as to see her irrevocably lost, without betraying their feelings, Poor Lord Orford loved her with an excess of passion, it was a pity he did not meet a suitable return, but I hope time may effect a cure, for I do not know one more amiable. He taught
my

my heart to feel his distress. When Julia was ill his distraction was not to be described, and was a convincing proof love may exist without the smallest ray of hope, for she declared her sentiments at once, which she assured him could never change. He has promised to visit Seymour Castle next summer, and then you will judge of his merit, and allow he is deserving of all I have said in his praise. I am interrupted. The Marchioness came to inform, me, the carriages are ready; she desires her love to you, and desires me to tell you she has something to communicate to you relative to Lord Orford. If it concerns me, pray do not give credit to it, though coming from so respectable authority. Adieu my dear mother, and believe me your ever affectionate daughter

EMILY SIDNEY.

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